JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 31, 1931
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

Vol. L.
No. 1324.

OVER 1,500,000 CERTIFIED SALE

Why Married Women Lose their Looks

WITH all the troubles of a home upon your shoulders, all the worries of making both ends meet, all the cares and anxieties of children, is it any wonder you find yourself getting run down, your looks beginning to go? Is it surprising that your nerves get "ragged"? It would be amazing if they didn't.

Yet that is the way homes get broken up, and, if you only knew, it is the simplest thing in the world to prevent it. However trying household cares can be these days, you needn't lose your looks. Work and worry only affect you because you take nothing to counteract them.

If you find yourself giving way to worry, find your looks going, your nerves getting "jumpy," take a glass of Wincarnis at 11.30, another in the afternoon, and one before you go to bed. You'll feel the benefit almost at once. The very first night you will sleep better than you have for years, and wake up refreshed and reinvigorated. Your nerves will trouble you no more. In a few days your looks will begin to come back.

For Wincarnis, which has the strength-giving elements of the highest grade beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts added to the valuable properties of the purest wine, is much more than a stimulant, it creates rich, new blood, soothes jaded, restless nerves and builds up permanent reserves of strength and vigour. Over 18,000 recommendations have been given by medical men.

If you prefer to try a couple of glasses before you buy, send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman and Company, Ltd., Dept. 71, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

WINCARNIS
THE WINE OF LIFE

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Licensed Grocers. Price 5/6 and 3/3

Have you tried Wincarnis Wine Jelly?
Ask your grocer. *It's delicious!*

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

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COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Men's Shirts, 18/- per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 7/11 per doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' Ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us, or write for Catalogue. Post Free.—Cochrane & Sons, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

START a Drapery Business and make money. Get our 60-page Catalogue and ABC Guide free. See page 56, telling you of 7 ways how to make money. Example of our value: Men's Socks, 3/6 doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Knickers, 9/11 doz.; Men's Shirts, with two collars, 30/- doz. Ladies' Print Frocks, 9/-. Men's large size Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, 1/3 doz. Art. Silk Stockinette Vests, 9d. lb. Ladies' Fleecy Lined Mackintoshes, 4/11 each. Our free Catalogue is a treasure full of bargains. Sample Bales, 21/-. Satisfaction or money returned under John Bull guarantee.—Wolfson, 48, Desk, Thomas Street, Manchester.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time, every kind; good profits. 200-page Catalogue free.—May (173), George St., Birmingham.

68-PAGE NEW Autumn and Winter Wholesale Drapery Catlg., Post Free. Unequalled selection of the finest goods at keenest prices. Perfect, reliable and repeatable. All depts. Ladies', Men's, Children's, Household. Best Discount Terms. Satisfaction gntd. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for Dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only). — Levy Bros., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

CHEAPEST wholesale house for beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 1, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

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EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Drapery Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

AGENTS WANTED (either sex) to sell private Xmas Cards. Sample Book Free. A WONDERFUL VARIETY TO SUIT ALL TASTES. Photographic Calendars, Novelty Calendars, High-class notepapers and many other specialities. TINTED ENVELOPES SUPPLIED WITH EVERY CARD. Highest Com. Valuable Prizes. —Denton & Co., Ltd., Dept. D.15, Accrington.

JOHN NOBLE'S NEW MONSTER IDEAL CLUB CATALOGUE, JUST PUBLISHED. One of the most wonderful books ever issued. JOHN NOBLE'S WANT ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The Ideal Club leads for value! Big commission, little trouble, no expense. The largest collection of bargains in fashions. Furniture, Footwear, Bedding, etc. Over 60 years' reputation for value and service! Every member delighted with our value! Send P.C. NOW for particulars and 232-page Bargain Guide.—JOHN NOBLE, Ltd. (Dept. A7), MANCHESTER.

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A BETTER BOOK of Private Xmas Cards. I had your samples 7 days and made £5, 10s. in every £ comm., and a £5 bonus. Filled with Novelties. Greatest variety. It costs nothing to try. You can make £20 without experience.—Dept. 8, Cleveland Press, 6, Sycamore St., Ldn., E.C.1.

AGENTS.—Xmas Cards. Join the Go'd Diggers and get the world-famous SNOWBALL series. The book with "Get Rich Quick" ideas, Novelties and Musical Greetings. Over 50 exquisite calendars and cards free. 3,000,000 bargain wallets. Huge profits.—Minster Press, Preston.

A BALMORAL SAMPLE BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS COMPILED BY EXPERTS, CONTAINS LATEST 1931 NOVELTIES IN CALENDARS, LETTER RACK, BLOTTER, CUT-OUT VELOUR, ANIMAL STUDIES, NOTEPAPERS & CARDS FOR EVERY TASTE. 26TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION AND ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE UNBEATABLE IN DELIVERY AND SERVICE. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND PRIZES. — WRITE TO ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS, STEWARTS, DEPT. A., COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. — Britain's Largest Manufacturers Require AGENTS, either sex. SAMPLE BOOK FREE, containing Exquisite CALENDARS, BLOTTER, BOOKMARK, FLOWER SPRAYS, POCKET CELLULOID CALENDAR, BLACK CATS, DOGS and HORSES, making great appeal to animal lovers. Also many NOVELTIES and our usual artistic Greeting Cards with hand-made Notepapers and Cards. Before fixing up see this book. It costs nothing. Highest comm. Prizes for all.—Dept. 800, ALL-BRITISH CARD CO., BLACKBURN.

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AGENTS, YOU WILL MAKE MORE MONEY by selling the CASTLE SERIES Christmas Cards and Calendars than any other. Astounding profits are being made by our Agents. SAMPLE BOOK FREE, containing the latest Copyright Designs, including ALL BRITISH-MADE Silk Handkerchief Novelty. — Apply, Castle Publishing Co., 20, Anchor Court, Preston.

AGENTS.—Turn your Spare Time into Money by selling the CARLTON SERIES Christmas Cards and Calendars. The book which makes the Big Profits, HIGHEST COMMISSION. Splendid Prizes. SAMPLE BOOK FREE.—Apply, TREBLE, 50, Cheapside, Preston.

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MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House.)

POLICE FORCE.—400 extra men wanted immediately. Commence £3 10s. per week. Height over 5 ft. 9 in., age 19-27. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.T.I., 29B, Oxford St., W.1.

BUY Hosiery w'sale to sell again; over 60% profit, any quantity. Cat. free.—Empire Hosiery Co., Empire House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1.

READERS' attention is drawn to the BENNETT COLLEGE advt. on page 33.

50% PROFIT easily made selling hosiery, underwear, overalls, bedding, etc. Catalogue and particulars free.—London Textiles, Ltd., Broadway Chambers, Hammersmith, W.6.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Chancery 8113

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BARGAIN SALES.

5,000 BARGAINS in "THE EXCHANGE AND MART." Make money buying and selling through these wonderful columns. Get to-day's issue, 2d. all newsagents. Specimen copy free.—J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

"CAPTAIN" Razor Blades. Sheffield made. 1/- doz. Several Sole Agencies open.—Dominion Steel Corporation, Ltd., Queen's Road, Sheffield.

WOOLS.—Slump prices. Knitting wools, sports, vest, silky, hosiery, 1d., 1½d., 2½d. oz. Rug wools, 4-ply and cable, 1/-, 1/3, 1/6½ 1/11½ lb. Guide and sample free.—NEWCASTLE WOOL CO. (Dept. 71), NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

A CARNIVAL Hat, Novelty, Joke, Fancy Dress and Balloon. 11 List J.B. Free.—Bocks British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street London, N.1.

ECONOMY at home effected by repairing your family's footwear with Best English Tanned Leather. Send P.O. 2/6 for sample parcel or 4/6 double quality to HUMBER LEATHER CO., 44, CLAREMONT AVENUE, NEWLAND, HULL.

UNPUNCTURABLE TYRES for 3/11. This Money-saving offer for cyclists appears in the "Shop Window" (page facing).

HOW TO ENJOY LONG WINTER EVENINGS. Get a "Riley" Bagatelle Table. Endless pleasure for whole family. See advt. page facing.

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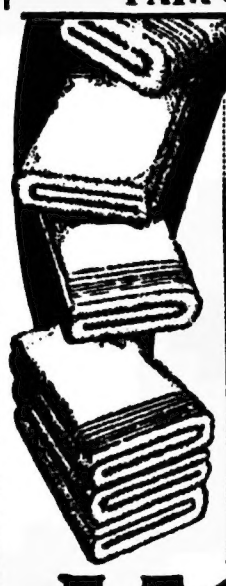
COMBINE LOWEST PRICES & EASIEST CREDIT TERMS WITH A—

FREE GIFT OF A PAIR OF WOOLLEN BLANKETS!



EVERY CUSTOMER PLACING AN ORDER FOR £10 OR MORE WILL RECEIVE FREE A PAIR OF SUPERIOR WOOLLEN BLANKETS.

JAY'S TERMS.

£10	...	6/-
£20	...	8/-
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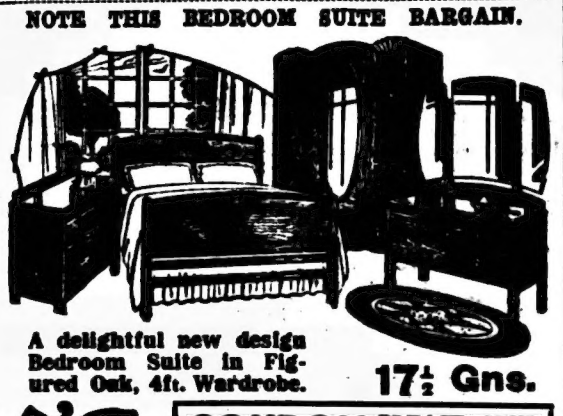

A delightful new design Bedroom Suite in Figured Oak, 4ft. Wardrobe. **17½ Gns.**

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BOW	165, Bow Road, E.3	WHITECHAPEL	223, Whitechapel Rd., E.
CHELSEA	363, Fulham Road, S.W.10	WIMBLEDON	81, Broadway, S.W.19
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HOLLOWAY	168, Holloway Road, N.7	NORTHAMPTON	22, Gold Street
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WOOLS Sale. 1d. Sports, 1½d. ozs., Rug 6½d. 1/- lb. Cable 1/6 lb. Illus. Rug Guide, Cat. 56 Designs Free. Scot a Woo's, 158, New Bridge St., Newc'le/Tyne

DARNING MADE EASY. An hour's work in a few minutes and no more untidy darns. The "Star" Darner, price 1/-, postage 3d., speedily weaves large or small darns in stockings, socks, underwear etc. Saves endless trouble, time and eyesight. Send for one now to William Penn, Dept. J.B., 682, Holloway Rd., N.19.

FREE!—Simply fill in the coupon in the JOHN SHAW advt. on page 23 for a FREE BOOKLET and PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION of the all-British "GOVERNOR" TOOL OUTFIT, which can be obtained for a few shillings down and on 7 days' free trial. This Tool Outfit pays for itself!

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the "BERKELEY" CHAIR advt. on page 22, and get full particulars of this wonderful Home Comfort that can be yours for 5/- down and 5/- monthly. An illustrated Catalogue and Patterns will be sent by return.

A CATALOGUE of BOYD PIANOS is offered in the advt. on page 21.

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CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

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Enquiries for Agency Invited.

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THE HACKNEY FURNISHING CO.'S FREE INSURANCE PLAN pays the bill while you are ill. Turn to the advt. on page 25 and fill in the coupon for illustrated Catalogue and full information about the Free Insurance and deferred terms.

JAY'S BARGAIN CATALOGUE OF FURNITURE will solve all Furnishing problems. Fill in the coupon in the large advt. on this page.

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BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES 30/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

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20/- Deposit secures your new Saxophone, Piano-Accordeon, Clarinet, Bass Drum. Bal. wkly. State instrument. Henry's, 18-20, Manchester St., L'pool.

GRAMO'S.—Make one. ½ price. Instructions, drawings, 64-p. ctlg. 3d. Portable 15/6. Motors 7/6. List free.—Regentbull, 120, Old St., London.

PIANO Accordians, Guitars, Jazz, Concertinas, Gramos, Mandolins, Violins, Saxophones, Ukuleles.—Terms, Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich.

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FREE TO STAMP COLLECTORS.—Interesting Illustrated book, "Stamp Collecting—World's Hobby" and catalogue of albums and stamps. Best approvals on request.—STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD. (By appointment to H.M. The King), Dept. 143, 391, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/8 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

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BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 3d.

BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds. HERBAL BEANS give instant relief. Large Box (over 100 Beans), 1/3. Post free.—Samp. 3d. Health Stores, Euston Rd., Morecambe.

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AN offer appears in the Front Cover announcement to those readers who would prefer to try a couple of glasses of "WINCARNIS" before buying to send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 71, Wincarnis Works, Norwich, for a small sample bottle.

A GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE of "ROBOLEINE" will be sent to readers filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 22.

A FREE HEALTH GUIDE and sample of KILMER'S PREPARATION FOR INTERNAL COMPLAINTS is offered in the advt. on page 34.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 10, Woodstock St., London, W.1.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

INTIMATE FACTS FOR THE MARRIED! Read T. Bowen Partington's powerful article in HEALTH & STRENGTH, 3d., now on sale all newsagents, 4d. by post from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

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DUKE'S JELLIED LIQUORICE.
4 oz. 4d. Delicious tonic sweet.
ASK YOUR SWEETSHOP.

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FREE.—Write to ROWNTREE'S, Gift Dept. H.3, York, for a WONDERFUL FREE GIFT BOOK illustrating 140 Gifts. See advt. on page 27.

WADDED QUILTS FREE

2 White Woolly Blankets 90 x 70
2 Good Strong Sheets 90 x 70
2 White Pillow Slips 30 x 18
1 White Bolster Case 58 x 18
1 Beautiful Bedspread 80 x 60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels.

ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE. Compare sizes before buying elsewhere.

Complete **20/-** Carr. Free.

Cash or C.O.D.
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FREE GIFTS. A HANDSOME WADDED QUILT and a pair of Artificial Silk Stockings sent free with each Bale.

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JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly. Send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

You can send your money to these advertisers as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 29

BABY CLOTHES 30/-

A CHARMING COMPLETE 75 GARMENT LAYETTE

Everything home-made and modern. Silk and Wool Shawl, Bnb. Robes, Day Gowns, Lawn & Winsey Nighties, Vests, Back Flannels, Wool Matinee Coats, Terry Napkins, Etc. WORTH £5. Satisfaction guaranteed. Thousands of testimonials. SEND 2/- for parcel on approval, then judge yourself. (Bal. cash or terms.)

RECENT PURCHASERS WRITE :— "No expectant mother would trouble to make if they knew of your bargain." "Highly satisfied." "Materials and make perfect." Etc.

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Sizes : 6's to 11's.

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Many Pretty Patterns to choose from.

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FULL LENGTH BED CHAIR 2/6 with SPRING SEATS

ONLY send 2/6 and we deliver to your address this handsome Bed-Chair with SPRING SEAT. 12 further weekly payments of 2/6 complete purchase. SOLID OAK FRAMES polished rich nut brown, 3 velvet cord cushions, any colour, 2 seat cushions reversible. Leg rest detachable and very useful as fire-side seat (see illus. 4). Our patent spring seats ensure comfort with permanent springing. Carr. Free Eng. P.O.'s only. CASH PRICE 30/-

Send for new Coloured List B

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108 SQ. FT. 15/-

EQUALS 12 SQ. YARDS
Larger Lengths pro rata.
Carr. Paid to any railway station.
Send for Range free Samples
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MONSTER BEDDING BARGAIN WITH FREE GIFT OF HANDSOME 12-PIECE CUTLERY SET

CARR PAID 40/-

The value of our Bedding Bales is well known, but the contents of the Monster Bales now offered exceeds by far anything we have ever offered previously. The quantity of articles has been doubled, but the quality remains the same. Guaranteed British Made and for Full Size Double Beds. In addition we shall include with every Bale the remarkable gift of a handsome 12-piece Stainless Cutlery Set, nicely packed in an attractive case.

ONE Art DOWN QUILT (in good quality Sateen cover and panels).
FOUR WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS, English-made, whipped and bordered.
FOUR FINE TWILL SHEETS, real Lancashire woven, soft and durable.
ONE lovely ALHAMBRA QUILT, in all newest colourings and designs.
TWO PILLOW CASES, pure White Long-cloth, hemmed and buttoned.
ONE BOLSTER CASE, pure White Long-cloth, hemmed and buttoned.
TWO STRIPED TURKISH TOWELS.
ONE BEDROOM RUG, coloured floral design.
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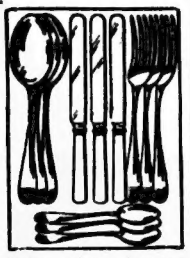

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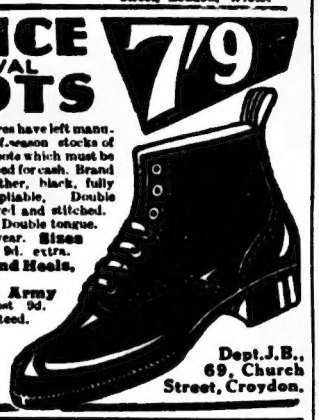

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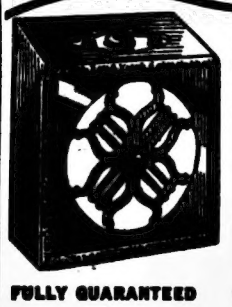

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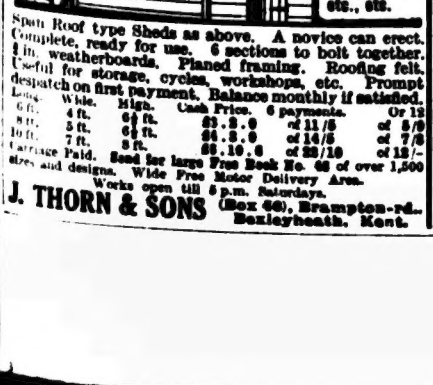

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for Week ending Saturday, Oct. 31, 1931. Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

The Wizard's New Wedge

Will Lord Derby Come Back?

The Weight of the Car

THOUGH only six of the Liberal candidates in the election labelled themselves as belonging to the Lloyd George group, it would be a serious mistake to imagine that this represents the limit of Ll.G.'s authority.

Before the new Parliament is very old the trend of affairs, especially in regard to tariffs, will compel first one and then another of the Liberal M.P.s to line up with him, and to renounce formally their association with Sir Herbert Samuel and Sir John Simon.

Purely radical

A new alignment of Parties is inevitable under the new political conditions, and one of the early developments, both inside the House and in the country is likely to be that Ll.G. will place himself at the head of a Radical Party, independent of all the other wings of the Liberal Movement.

* * *

It will be a sea-green incorruptible Free Trade Party, wedded also to a bold policy of progress and social reform.

Undue advantage

It was unfortunate that the last Parliament came to an end before the Electoral Reform Bill could be placed on the Statute Book, because the old procedure with regard to motor cars remained in force, with the result that the Conservative Party had, in most constituencies, ten times as much motor transport at its disposal as the Labour Party.

* * *

Everybody who travels to the poll in a Conservative car, of course, does not automatically vote for the Tory candidate, but the fact remains that a big army of cars gives a candidate a great advantage.

Plural votes

Another point which counted against the Labour Party because the electoral reform measure had not been passed was the fact that plural voting still remained in existence.

Thousands of the wealthier class of voters, with business premises as well as residential establishments, were able to cast two votes—one in the division where they lived and another in the constituency where their offices were situated.

In some divisions, the plural votes ran into thousands, and were sufficient to decide the result.

The rejected

The first problem that now confronts the Party Whips and organisers is that of finding safe seats for the leaders and prominent Party members who have been defeated at the poll.

As a rule it is fairly easy to persuade the possessor of a big majority to say farewell to his constituency and take a seat in the House of Lords, but it does not always follow that the electorate will take as kindly to the rejected leader whom the Party machine tries to foist upon it as to the tried and trusted friend who has represented it for ten or twenty years.

When Mr. Asquith was defeated at East Fife, for instance, and the Party managers thought Paisley would be the safest seat in the world for him, the voters of Paisley for some reason thought otherwise and decisively rejected him.

An Empire currency

If South Africa decides to follow Canada's example—and ours—then practically the whole of the British Empire will be off the Gold Standard.

He is sympathetic

These developments present a unique opportunity for devising a new standard of Imperial currency. A domestic currency arrangement between the various countries of the Empire would be stimulating to inter-Imperial trade and would achieve economy in the use of gold.

Sir Basil Blackett, a director of the Bank of England, is among the financial authorities sympathetic to this idea. Why not set representative Empire economists to work at once on the preparation of a concrete scheme?

Keep from printing

Many speakers and writers have suggested that inflation comes naturally from a prolonged absence from the Gold Standard.

Germany is held up as a classic example of what is to be expected.

The public are asked to recall the terrible privations which workers, investors and the whole German nation had to undergo. Readers of John Bull are asking whether this may happen in this country.

The answer is simple. None of the evils mentioned can come to pass in this country so long as the Government does not resort to the printing press for an increased issue of notes.

American failures

We recently referred to the great difference which exists between the American and British banking systems.

Figures are now available regarding American bank failures this year from January 1 to September 30. These show that 1,234 banks suspended payment during that period, or on an average four to five closures per day.

The amount of money involved is over £232,000,000.

Pounds, shillings and pence

September was the worst month of all, for no fewer than 298 banks suspended operations, or more than for any month since December, 1930. Even the formation of Hoover's £100,000,000 Banking Pool to remedy matters has failed to stop the suspensions which are still keeping up a fair daily average.

Depositors and others who have a stake in the British banking system can be extremely thankful that every pound, shilling and penny which they have placed in British banks remains intact despite the fact that Great Britain is going through a crisis which is undoubtedly the worst in her history.

Dear money

London's bank rate of 6 per cent. is higher than that prevailing in any other important financial centre with the exception of Berlin and Milan.

One result of this regime of dear money is that the Government is having to pay very high interest rates on its short-term borrowing.

The floating debt, which now stands at £655,552,000, has jumped up by over £61,000,000 since the beginning of the financial year. Unless the Government can borrow more cheaply, the narrowly balanced Budget may be upset from this cause alone.

No more blunders

Many company promoters are now preparing to announce attractive but unsubstantial issues of capital in the hope that in the general revival following the Election they will be able to get money almost as easily as they did in the boom of 1929.

It is to be hoped that the Stock Exchange Committee and the big banks will take great care at the present time to make sure that only really sound and established concerns come before the public.

We must at all costs prevent a repetition of the blunders of the last boom.

Lord Derby's future

Persistent efforts are being made to induce the Earl of Derby to reconsider his decision to bring his active political career to an end.

We can reveal that at the time the National Government was formed last August he could have had a prominent position in it had he been so minded. Then he declined the informal overtures that were then made to him for purely personal reasons.

It will, however, come as no surprise to find him presently emerging from his retirement.

Disease—not crime

Five thousand lives are lost every year in this country by suicide.

Sir Wilham Willcox, the Home Office pathologist

Dr. D. H. Geffen, Medical Officer of Health for Enfield, has come forward with a striking plea for the prevention of this *disease*.

He maintains that suicide is an infectious disease, arising from mental stress. The published report of any suicide is always followed by others carried out in the same way.

Dr. Geffen, who made his plea in a lecture to the Medico - Legal Society, says there are twice as many attempts as there are actual suicides. On the other hand, Sir William Willcox puts the figure at ten times as many, and he can judge from a far wider experience.

* * *

We have already drawn attention to the tragedy of these pitiful failures in life's battle, and we believe with Dr. Geffen that it would be in the public interest to treat attempted suicide as a disease rather than as a crime.

Her kingdom gone

After completing another six months' sentence, Mrs. Kate Merrick, queen of night-club proprietors, is at liberty again.

She has come back to a changed London where gay night life and late illicit drinking have been almost completely abandoned in consequence of the realities which the country is now facing.

It is long since Mrs. Merrick lost all sympathy in her quest for notoriety by deriding the licensing laws and the decencies of club life.

Surely she will now realise that her foolishness should end for ever.

Happy New Year

Income-tax collectors have been given instructions not to press for payment of arrears of tax until after the Election. The result is that at least £6,500,000 less has been collected than this time last year.

Every preparation is being made to round up the 1,500,000 new tax-payers next January, and by that time it is expected that arrears will have reached a record figure.

The cost is different

Working at high pressure, the Law Courts are dealing with nearly 100 divorce cases a day.

For an eight hour day this works out at one divorce case for every four and a half minutes. It makes one think.

The difference between London and Reno is no longer one of numbers but one of costs. And there Reno has the advantage every time.

"If You See It—"—(continued)

What about it?

What has happened to the new national organisation that was to promote wise spending and the voluntary purchase of British goods?

The President of the Board of Trade announced on October 7 that the Prime Minister had given his approval to such a scheme, that the details were nearly complete, and that a further announcement would be made in a few days.

Since then nothing has been heard of the new organisation. Government departments are very mysterious about it, and they make it plain that this was not a Government scheme.

Has the project flopped?

Parsons and politics

Church prelates do not enhance their spiritual authority by dabbling in politics. The cobbler should stick to his last.

Why should the Archbishop of Canterbury have thought it necessary to talk politics at the Canterbury Diocesan Conference? Many members of the Church of England, and others besides, felt that he was straying outside the concerns both of the Diocese and the See of Canterbury.

One can only conclude that, so long as Anglican prelates are given ex-officio seats in the House of Lords, these undesirable preoccupations are inevitable.

Futile

We have time and time again drawn attention to the futility of most of the "test work" which able-bodied inmates are compelled to do in return for a night's shelter in a workhouse. Here is a case which proves our point.

At the Llanelly workhouse men who have sought its shelter have been put to work digging a piece of ground, the work being so standardised that the ground has been dug and redug about fifteen times recently.

It is quite obvious that a little thought would result in the provision of tasks more attractive to the homeless and more productive to the authorities.

Tragedy

A Welsh miner who served one company for forty-five years has been dismissed. No word of praise or regret accompanied the fortnight's notice in his meagre pay envelope.

After thirty years with one company, a Northern miner has also been dismissed and evicted from the house owned by his employers.

These and hundreds of other miners are still comparatively young, but unable to do the arduous work of the pit.

They are martyrs whose uncomplaining sacrifice is a symbol of Britain's patient endurance in times of adversity.

A good example

Unemployed men of Godalming have formed a club with the idea of cutting up, removing and selling for firewood, the trees lying about in the district.

In response to the Mayor's appeal, several local landowners have given permission for the men to go on their lands to gather wood.

Other unemployed in rural districts might well try to do what these men are doing.

She wants value

The Harrogate Labour Exchange recently gave a woman the name of a Blyth girl as a likely employee, and this is what the employer wanted.

The girl was asked to be chauffeuse and personal maid, do running repairs to the car, its washing and cleaning, wash and iron lingerie, do needlework, clean silver, and groom and exercise a dog!

In addition, the girl was expected to provide her uniform for the car and her maid's dress for housework.

The employer also wanted to know the girl's age, references, experience, capability, religion, and whether she was methodical!

We have no information as to how the girl proposed to spend her spare time.

Manchester's menace

The dreadful conditions under which many people exist in Manchester have been revealed by a report issued by the Better Housing Council.

Manchester's Lord Mayor should act

In the area behind London Road station there are 600 houses of which three have baths. More than 2,500 people dwell in these hovels, sometimes as many as nine in one room.

There are no open spaces where children may play and the district is inundated with fetid odours from surrounding factories and stables. Some of the property dates from 1740 and many of the houses were condemned before the war.

Such districts as this are a menace to the health and morals of the people. They must be wiped out speedily. There is no time for long arguments in council chambers. What about it, Manchester?

Not enough

Six months' hard labour for a brute like William Meredith, of Church Street, Bolton, is totally inadequate.

What Meredith did to his twelve months' old baby daughter is almost unbelievable. He is separated from his wife, but called upon her and received permission to take the child to his lodgings to show his landlady.

When the infant commenced to cry he struck it several times on the face with his fists. Then he put the child on the floor and kicked it savagely!

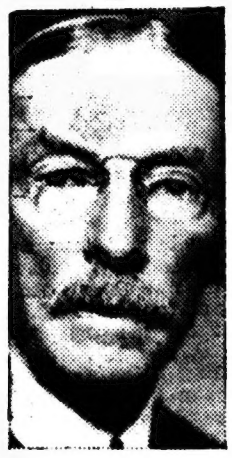
The baby's face was in a terrible state when it was at last rescued—a mass of bruises and nail marks and with blackened eyes.

* * *

The child is still in hospital, and Meredith a lucky man to avoid a manslaughter charge. It is time the law was revised to permit of more adequate punishment in such cases.

Tangled

The efforts of the Y.M.C.A. and kindred bodies which supply material and spiritual comforts to soldiers are cutting into the returns of canteens run by the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes.



Lt.-Col. Sir Arthur MacMahon, Y.M.C.A. President

The latter body is drawn from the Services and does not trade for profit. All surplus funds go back to the Services.

The charitable organisations apparently run their "shops" at a loss since they are appealing for funds.

The sane way of doing things would be to leave material wants to the N.A.A.F.I. and have the Y.M.C.A. and other bodies confine their attention to social and religious matters.

Not so slow!

E. Slow, of 178, New Road, London, S.W.8, is not backward in coming forward on his own behalf.

His circular sent to one of our readers touches sketchily upon the subject of a homework scheme, but before giving the money-making details he asks for 2s. 6d. "as a guarantee of good faith."

* * *

The usual fee-snatching bait is put forward, but Mr. Slow should note that our readers are fast workers, and, when they doubt, they write to us. We advise them to give Slow quick marching orders.

Unwelcome guests

Arab seamen of British nationality who are paid off by shipowners at English ports, are a double burden.

With the difficulty of obtaining a berth owing to the depression in shipping, they seek relief in the Poor Law institutions; when a vessel wants a crew, they undermine the British seaman's standard of living by accepting low wages.

But the scandal is far greater than this. Arabs stranded in England have means of receiving assistance from their tribes, and what is more, many of these men have property in their native land!

Their holidays at the expense of the British taxpayer and the bread and butter of the British seaman must cease.

Plucky songsters

Thirty slum children—members of the Holt Town Ragged School choir—have achieved the apparently impossible.

With five successes in the Ragged School Union Championship and a third place last year in the Blackpool festival to their credit, they looked forward eagerly to this year's competition.

The kiddies arranged a procession and collected enough money to pay their fares.

They won the first prize and were described by an adjudicator as the finest band of young singers he had heard. We value their grit more than their voices.

Merthyr moves

One of the most interesting—and significant—municipal trading ventures is to be tried out at Merthyr in the near future.

Residents are to form a £50,000 limited liability company for building and equipping factories to absorb the unemployed of the town.

* * *

If the first venture proves successful others will follow. We wish Merthyr every success in their brave effort to get out of the rut.

Wild promises

We are constantly receiving enquiries from readers as to the *bona-fides* of competition solutionists.

A gentleman who appears with great frequency in our mail is Powe Villiers, who operates from an accommodation address at 6, Conduit Street, London, W. He guarantees to send either the winning solution of a £3,000 crossword within four weeks or else your money back.

* * *

Mr. Villiers may be a man with marvellous powers, but we feel it is essential to point out to readers who enter for competitions that the sending in of winning lines is purely a question of intelligence and thought, and the average competitor stands just as much chance as any professional solutionist.

The election contest

Readers are advised that a thorough search of all the entries for the JOHN BULL Election Contest is proceeding as rapidly as possible.

The contest closed on October 26 and the winner of the £500 will be announced as speedily as circumstances permit.

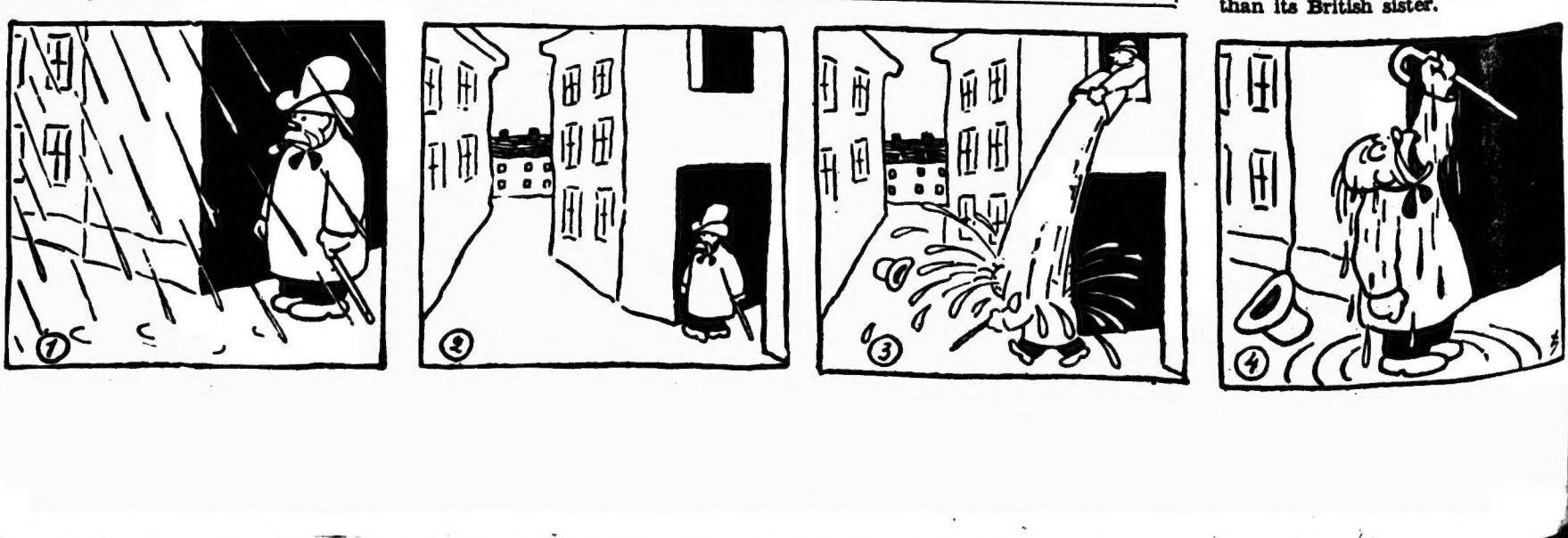
The large number of entries and the obvious need for very careful scrutiny forbid an announcement of the winner's name in this issue.

The obscure reason

Berliners are complaining bitterly that potatoes are too dear at 5s. a hundredweight. This should interest British housewives who are paying 12s. and 14s. for the same quantity.

The big difference in price is hard to account for. It is an additional problem for all those harassed mothers of families who have been asking why a Danish hen can lay a cheaper egg than its British sister.

ADAMSON'S— —Waterloo



SIR CHARLES FIELDING *says*— EAT *what we* CAN

Director-General of Food Production during the war and now a leading agriculturist

"Capacity to meet all the nation's needs"—A Kentish cannery gives a new spell of life to October blackberries

DURING the past four or five years a new industry has arisen in this country, the monopoly of which had been previously held by the foreigner. This week at Manchester the National Food and Fruit Canners' Council will hold their fifth annual convention to celebrate the amazing progress their industry has achieved in so short a time.

From one small factory started by a few courageous pioneers in Kent the total has now grown to over forty canning factories throughout England and Scotland, which are employing thousands of people in canning British fruit and vegetables.

New factories have recently been opened at Spalding, Evesham, Dundee and Paddock Wood, and at Worcester a large can-making factory has been erected with an output of 100 million cans each year.

I do not know of a more heartening spectacle in these troublous times than the sturdy growth of a new industry. It is still more pleasant to know its possibilities have only just begun, and that it is in the power of all of us to treble and quadruple the extent of the trade.

Everyone is appreciating the fact that as a nation we are over-spending, and that unless we reduce our expenditure abroad, and produce more at home, we shall reduce ourselves to bankruptcy.

This realisation is coming a bit late, but the pinch may be a blessing in disguise if it forces upon us the necessity of producing *here* those food items and goods for which we have available land, partly used factories, and, above all, unlimited labour, only too anxious to be turned on to some work which is *profitable* for the nation and for itself.

We know how

HERE, in this new canning industry we have a step in the right direction. It has the additional merit not only of making its own contribution to the trade and employment, but also of helping the sorely pressed British farmer and fruit-grower.

Fruit production in this country has made very considerable technical advances in the last twenty years. With good cultivation, care, planting in the proper situations with the proper varieties, growers can be assured of reasonable outputs of most of their crops almost every year.

On the other hand, the profit to growers has been so intermittent and in many cases so small as to delay the rapid attempt to capture our home market on a very big scale by home-grown fruits.

The dumped surplus products of other countries have made selling markets so uncertain that for soft fruits new growers have been frightened to attempt much more than trial plots.

As for hard fruits like pears and apples, our old English sorts could not compete in quality with the continuous supply of best-graded fruit coming in from other countries.

Canners in clover

AGAIN, the time during which these fruits are at their best is comparatively short. The whole crop has to be picked and eaten over two months of the autumn or otherwise left to rot or to be sold at knock-out prices.

This new canning industry is changing all that. The National Mark scheme and systems for grading under which the canners work are improving the stock out of all knowledge.

The future of hard fruit growing is becoming an assured success in this country. We can, if we will, entirely supply ourselves, all the year round, as our orchards grow up in the future.

As with pears and apples, so with soft fruits and vegetables. The canners are taking the lot which can come up to the prescribed standard of quality.

I learn from the latest reports that this has improved so much that the 1931 pack is almost double that of 1930.

In that year British canners packed 724,000 cases of canned fruits in syrup. In 1928 they packed 239,000—less than a third. The figures show how abundantly the trade has grown.

Loganberries, cherries and gooseberries are merely a few of the English fruits which the housewife can now buy in tins with the full assurance that nothing the foreigner can produce can excel them.

Elsewhere, from north of the Tweed, I have been called to account for not mentioning Scotland every time I speak of England. When I do so in my own mind, I include the whole of the island, but I would like now to point out specially that for some kinds of fruit Scotland really beats England in quality and in large outputs. This particularly refers to raspberries, for which Perthshire and neighbouring counties excel.

There is one point which must be dealt with in considering fairly the possibilities of the growth of the canned food and fruit industry in this country, and that is the question of prejudice.

I believe it has almost ceased to exist, but my readers may like to know of a fact which came to my notice when I was last in America.

An investigation was undertaken there, under Government auspices, over a period of years. Over £50,000 was spent to examine and test thoroughly every campaint of supposed injury to health through eating canned fruits or foods.

Tinned safety

AT the end of the period of examination it was found that in every case without exception in which the canned material was found defective, it was because the salmon or the fruit or the tomato, or whatever it was, had been in a rotten condition before being put into the can.

In no case was the can itself, or the material of which it was made, or the method of canning its contents, the cause of the trouble. So that if a brand of a good factory is purchased, the consumer may be certain that no harm will come from eating canned or tinned goods.

The canning of fruit and vegetables, while still in its infancy here, has made a first-rate start, but in comparison specially with the United States it is at present a mere flea-bite as compared with our gigantic consumption here of imported canned fruit and raw fruit and vegetables.

Even for the purpose of carrying the fruit from the grower to the consumer the can is a suitable container. It is an economic one because the fruit need not be used till it is wanted, and none of it need go bad in transit or while it is waiting to be used.

In an ordinary year (when leaving out citrous fruit, bananas, pineapples, peaches, etc., which we cannot grow economically) we are still spending with foreign countries for fruit, apples, jam, and the like, more than £20,000,000 a year. Our bill for vegetables is over £10,000,000.

An enormous proportion of that is canned goods, and of the fresh fruits a large proportion still is surplus not taken by foreign canners.

I ask you housewives—

NATURALLY, I am not stating that our debit balance of imports and exports will be redressed merely by using only home-grown fruit and vegetables.

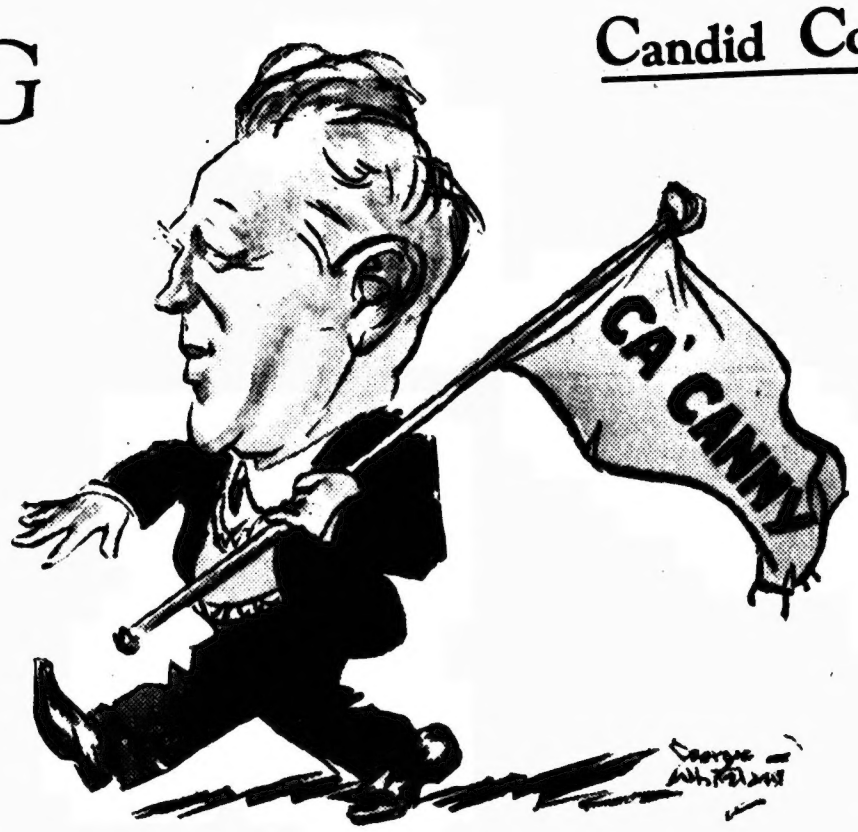
But by so doing we would at least keep the lion's share of that £30,000,000 at home and help a great deal towards the present economic problem.

Make no mistake about it, there is the capacity here to meet all the nation's needs in fruit and vegetables, but it has to be nurtured and established by home demand.

I welcome this new canning industry, not only because it is a new industry, but because I see in it a sure way to help British fruit and vegetable growing to be a national asset.

I hope every housewife will see it as I do, and lend a hand by buying their products, not only because they are British, but because they are better value than the foreign stuff.

A FLAG *that should be* BURNT



Candid Communications

Mr. W. J. BROWN,
Secretary, Civil Service Clerical Association

DEAR SIR,—You have done a great disservice to your association by suggesting that one of the weapons which might be used in the fight against Civil Service wage cuts is "ca' canny."

Your statement that you were not making a threat and that it was only a joke was belied by your addition that many a true word is spoken in jest.

Now I strongly oppose wage cuts, particularly when they concern people who are given a bare subsistence, and I shall continue to insist that they are not only unjust but the most stupid form of economy.

In the case of that fine body of men and women in all ranks of the Civil Service the reductions are doubly unwise.

But that a leader and a man such as you, carrying a great responsibility, should even lightly suggest ca' canny is to do a thing dangerous and unpatriotic.

Everyone had hoped that Britain had heard the last of that unsportsmanlike form of retaliation. At this juncture when we are striving to emerge from the morass it is essential that everyone should put his back into the job.

Fight by all means and I will support you, but make it a manly fight!

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD SANKEY, G.B.E.,
Lord Chancellor

MY LORD,—I hope your attention has been drawn to the suggestion made by the chairman of the London Sessions that, as a measure of economy, the calling of grand juries should cease.

We managed without them during the war, and a great many thoughtful people have wondered since why they were restored.

The cost at the London Sessions alone is £8,000 a year, and when this is multiplied by the scores of courts up and down the country, it means that a very big sum is involved.

At the same time I suggest you consider the curtailment of juries in civil actions. The cost is unnecessarily heavy on litigants, quite apart from the inconvenience to the jurors themselves.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. DAVID JOHN EVANS,
Treorchy, Glam.

DEAR MR. EVANS,—Some months ago I commented upon your exceptional pluck in going down a foot-wide, 130-ft. deep mountain crevice to rescue a dog. I hope my comment had something to do with the fact that your bravery was officially recognised.

Now, you have done the same thing again, risking your life for a terrier trapped in a deep mountain crevice. This time I hope the N.S.P.C.A. will take note, as well as the National Canine Defence League.

Most men are dog-lovers, but few would carry their love to this extent.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Rev. G. K. A. BELL,
Bishop of Chichester

MY LORD,—When you sanctioned the burial in one grave in consecrated ground of the three victims of the bungalow tragedy at Worth, Sussex, you struck a brave blow at a relic of mediæval bigotry.

You will not find me dripping sentiment over a man and woman who murdered their girl child and then sought suicide.

What I am concerned with is to see the end of that bitter revenge after death — and sometimes expiation — which excludes the suicide and the murderer from the benefit of clergy. Is it not time the old ecclesiastical law was altered?

JOHN BULL.

Councillor J. CONNOLLY,
Salford Public Assistance Committee

DEAR MR. CONNOLLY,—Your reference to the profiteering upon people who rent rooms in "farmed" houses is very timely.

You point out that a good many of those on the relief lists had been in receipt of 10s. a week for rent and that those who "farm" houses put up the rents of these poor people from 8s. to 10s. a week. Meanwhile, these subletting occupiers were making profits of from £3 to £4 a week on one subdivided house.

Salford's Committee has found a temporary remedy in cutting down the rent allowance to 8s., and I congratulate you upon thus meeting this phase of the situation.

But is it not a national scandal that these rapacious rent profiteers are allowed to carry on their soulless business unscathed? Your progressive city and all other councils should combine to force a remedy from Parliament.

JOHN BULL.

PATRICK M'GEOWN,
77, Hamilton Street, Govan, Glasgow

BRUTE,—You found a strange pigeon alighting on the dovecot below the window of your house, and leaning out of the window pulled a net over it.

Taking it into the house you hit its head three times on the wall, afterwards throwing it down into the back court. There it was found by a nine-year-old boy, with its head badly injured.

If it had not been for the very sensible action of the boy, who reported your conduct to the police, it is likely that you would have escaped punishment. The fine of £5 imposed upon you was much too lenient for such brutality as yours.

JOHN BULL.

SHERIFF BROWN,
Hamilton, Scotland

YOUR HONOUR,—Under the Housing Act the council of your town is authorised, like other local authorities, to appoint inspectors to see that municipally-owned houses are kept clean.

Most local authorities interpret this power with careful discretion, bearing in mind that a Briton's home is his castle. The other day, however, the Hamilton Council sent a woman inspector to the house of Mrs. Vickers at nine o'clock in the morning.

Mrs. Vickers has six children and she had just seen her family off to school. Quite rightly, she refused to allow the inspector to enter her home at such an hour.

She was haled to the municipal offices and when confronted there by the inspector she gave the inquisitor a piece of her mind in the best Scots manner.

Mrs. Vickers, with a baby in her arms, was charged before you with refusing to allow her home to be inspected, and because she protested, with committing a breach of the peace.

You fined her £4 with the option of a month in prison.

She elected to go to jail.

The conviction and sentence are a mockery of a householder's rights and independence.

JOHN BULL.

LADY SPOTTED PEARL,
Worcester

DEAR OLD JERSEY COW,—You have the honour of being the champion of the London Dairy Show, and have set up a world's record.

For two years in succession you have won the National Milk and National Butter challenge cups.

You have demonstrated your ability to maintain a British standard in dairy matters, which I hope you'll not "go off" for some time to come.

Here's three hearty bellows in acclamation!

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

MR. JOSEPH K. MEADOWS, Toledo, U.S.A.: "From what I've seen of your election, it's a tea-party."

The one at Boston cost us America—many people think that America and France have cost us this one.

* * *

DR. FRANCES UPTON: "You cannot discover the intrinsic worth of a man whom you meet only at kinemas and dances."

That depends on who pays.

* * *

MR. GODFREY WINN: "Truth, after all, is just a biological accident."

Would you try that statement on a judge and jury?

Not from the B.B.C.—Scarface Al Capone tells the World of—

A Gangster in a Halo

I AM famed near and far
As the man with a scar
And a name which some guys, who wax tony,
Pronounce with an "e"—
But he's no friend to me
Who tries to miscall me "Capon-ee."

So let it be known
That it's plain Al Capone
Whom the papers are always maligning.
Their gibes have so pained
Me, I've only refrained
With an effort my kingship resigning.

But though they all shriek,
And the whisky cops seek
On Scarface to place an embargo;
They're all forced to own
That the reign of Capone
Has given some *chic* to Shickago!

Look here, boys an' girls, nix on that sentence-of-the-court stuff. Any guy who's taken an intelligent interest in Amurkan history oughter know that it's one thing for a Judge to spill a mouthful, but quite another thing for them to land a big shot, like me, in the penitentiary — much less keep him there!

Already my loyal subjects have got busy to raise a 100,000-dollar war-chest, and all owners of speakeasies have been tipped the wink that every five-gallon can of booze will cost 'em two dollars more—the extra dough to be handed over to my defence fund.

All this sure touches my heart, for it shows what the boys think of me and my elegant tuxedo and my forty-dollar shirts.

'Cos it's not as if I was forcing them to help me—no, *sir!* As I told the court, I don't know nothing about this bootlegging stunt, and I've never had nothing to do with it!

This sure made the court laff—which only goes to show how folks have been affected by the hokum that has been peddled about me.

If I am a bootlegger, why wasn't I charged with bootlegging—tell me that? All I was charged with was a bit of skulduggery with income-tax returns.

Because a guy tries to swindle the Treasury it's not to say that he'd be guilty of encouraging the pernicious sly-booze habit—much less of putting anyone on the spot!

As I told the Chicago noosepaper boys, they know nothing of the real Al Capone, because they've gone and created a legendary monster by hostile publicity.

They've dressed me up to suit themselves—made me a guy who suits their idea of what I oughter be. But their Al is nothing but a masquerading ghost made out of public prejudice.

And since they've this monster invented,
In vain now their victim denies,
And claims that they've misrepresented
The mildest and meekest of guys.
Who rigidly holds the most orthodox views,
And deplores that Chicago's addicted to booze!

For years I've been haunted and hunted
By a ghost that the papers have made;
For years they this spectre have stunted—
This sinister shadow—this shade—
So if anyone's sent for a stretch, then it shall
Be the ghost of Capone—not immaculate Al!

What the GOVERNMENT MUST Do!

by **A. G. GARDINER**

"Infamous Peace of Versailles has hung over the nations like a curse"—in the Treaty chamber

THE tumult and the shouting are over. All the mud has been slung, all the charges and counter-charges have been dinned in our ears, and all the arguments have been worn threadbare. The nation has given its verdict and a new Government is being formed in accordance with that verdict.

Whether we like the result or not, we must accept the accomplished fact. One chapter is closed and a new chapter is opened. It is the interest of all of us that it should be a prosperous chapter and the duty of all of us to do what we can to make it so.

In this spirit, let us turn to the tasks that confront the country and the Government. There is no need to dwell upon the gravity of those tasks. There has never been a time when, not this country only, but the whole white civilisation of the world, stood in such imminent peril of collapse.

A sick world

The causes lie in the war which shattered that structure and in that "Peace with a Vengeance" signed at Versailles which through twelve years has kept the wounds of the world unhealed. Now at last the full penalty is upon us in the universal breakdown of trade, finance and public confidence.

Naturally we are preoccupied with our own share of the general calamity, but we must see it in relation to the whole. There is no country under the stars which is not sick. There is no country which is solvent. There is no country which is not filled with fears, not of some distant future, but of to-morrow.

That is the first fact of the situation. The second follows from it. Just as the trouble is world-wide, so the remedy must be world-wide. We sink or swim together.

In this terrific work of salvaging civilisation all must have a part, but I do not think I exaggerate when I say that the chief burden and responsibility is on this country.

It is the centre of the most widespread political federation on the globe. It is, in spite of all that has happened, still the most prosperous and stable country on the globe. Its influence as a world power is unequalled. Its financial integrity is the chief pillar of the world's commerce. If Britain crashed, all would crash.

Eyes on London

This fact is appreciated in every country. The world's eyes are upon London as the most critical centre of the struggle to keep civilisation afloat through a storm such as has never struck it before.

This consideration is at once the strength and opportunity of the Government. The leadership of the world is in its hands, and judiciously and courageously used, that power should bring the ship through the perils that envelop it.

The first need, if this is to be accomplished, is that the Government should be united in the determination to see the crisis through. Another political upheaval would be fatal.

Even the fear of another political upheaval would destroy the hope of restoring world confidence in the future, which is the first essential. There must be give-and-take all round, a readiness to subordinate secondary considerations to the one imperious duty of keeping this country solid and confident in its task.

No Indian blaze

Before considering what that task is, let us turn to the two chief dangers which threaten disunity. One of them is India. Strong elements are at work in certain quarters to reverse engines on this question. This would be fatal.

We cannot, with the enormous problems that face us, risk having India in a blaze. And there is no need to invite that risk. The lines of British policy have been laid down. Let them be honourably and steadfastly adhered to, without weakness and without animus. The other danger is the fiscal issue. Here the differences of opinion are formidable and irreconcilable.

This issue must be kept in cold storage until the crisis is over and we are free to turn once more.

This policy will call for tolerance on both sides. It must be exercised on both sides.

The work before the Government is immense. It is work that must not be encumbered with domestic issues or unnecessary legislation. The first business is to consolidate the fabric of British credit and make it stand four-square to all the winds that blow. This will involve courage and it will involve hardships on all classes, but so long as the Government is united those hardships will be borne ungrudgingly.

Two perils are to be avoided. There must be no more hasty and vainglorious attempts to return to the gold standard, and at all costs there must be no approach to the slippery slope of inflation. We escaped that fatal slope by a question of days two months ago. The experience must never be repeated.

In this phase of its task the Government will not only be preserving the country from disaster: it will be performing the greatest service to the world. For the maintenance of British credit is the first condition for the recovery of world stability.

Next to this is the vast range of external problems that are impending, political, financial, diplomatic, in regard to which the Government must have clear views and exercise decisive action.

The poison tree

At the back of all the world's calamities lies the sinister shadow of war debts and reparations. For twelve years, ever since the infamous Peace of Versailles, they have hung over the nations like a curse.

For a year from July last the curse has been lifted. It must never descend again. The agonies the world is going through to-day are largely due to the poisonous fruit of that Upas tree, and there is no more imperative duty on the new Government than to declare that that tree shall be uprooted once and for ever, and that its baleful shadow shall no longer cover the earth.

But it must strike boldly at the root of another evil even more responsible for the catastrophe that has befallen mankind. Thirteen years have passed since the war ended and Germany was disarmed. She was disarmed on the solemn undertaking that her late enemies who had disarmed her would disarm themselves.

That undertaking has been shamelessly dishonoured. Europe is an armed camp enveloping a disarmed nation. The whole Continent lies under a military menace more powerful than any experienced since the days of Napoleon.

Nightmare peace

It is this menace which makes the "Peace" a nightmare of anxiety and fear. While it remains there can be no recovery of world confidence.

Now, after years of waiting upon France, the Disarmament Conference is about to meet. Let the Government go there with a bold demand that the undertakings of Versailles shall be fulfilled.

In that course it will have the enthusiastic support of America and of every country outside the obstructive power. It cannot achieve disarmament at a blow. It can, it ought and it must achieve the beginning of the fulfilment of the solemn pledge of the Covenant signed at Versailles.

Homely Wisdom—by **CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.**

A GREAT LIFE MOTIVE

THE Indian Nationalist leader, Mahatma Gandhi, has visited my home. His son and some other members of his party spent a few days under my roof.

It was an experience which I feel prompted to describe in brief to the readers of JOHN BULL, for I think we have something to learn from it.

I asked Mr. Gandhi questions about his ideals and mode of life, which he frankly answered.

* * *

One of them was "What do you mean by *Swaraj*?" (Home Rule). Everybody knows that the Nationalist agitation of which he is the head claims to be aiming at *Swaraj*.

"I mean," he answered with a smile, "something rather different from what it is frequently represented to be. I mean not only, nor principally, what is commonly understood as the right of a people to govern themselves. Far more important in my eyes is the sense in which it applies to the individual—the power and responsibility of the ordinary man to govern himself aright."

"If that is it," I rejoined, "we in the West are as greatly in need of *Swaraj* as you in the East."

"You are," he nodded: "and that is the best kind of State Government which does the most to encourage the individual man or woman to make the fullest and freest use of his or her God-given powers for the good of all and to realise that this is the main purpose of life."

Then I said: "Too often both nations and individuals employ their God-given powers selfishly, and increased consciousness of power means increased desire for their own aggrandisement."

"That is so," he responded sadly: "but they cannot learn better except by being trusted with the exercise of responsibility." He paused, and added slowly: "Moral power is never gained but by self-sacrifice, and that is what is so hard to learn."

Gandhi appears to have learned it himself. The secret of his power over the masses in India is that many years ago when he was making a large income as a lawyer he gave it all up to go and live among the poor as one of themselves.

As regards his attitude to the "untouchables"—for whom he has been accused of caring nothing—it is sufficient to say that long ago he and Mrs. Gandhi took into their home a little orphan girl belonging to this class and brought her up as one of their own children. She is still with them.

I offer no opinion upon his politics, nor do I feel competent to do so; but no one could be long in the company of the man himself without being impressed by his sincerity and the limpid simplicity of his mind.

One of his friends, Sir Prabhushankar Pattani, Prime Minister of one of the Indian States, and a former representative of India in some capacity to the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva, threw a clear light on the principles governing Gandhi's public action.

He said to me: "It matters little what political partisans say; it is their motive that counts. As is the motive so is the result."

We should be the better for remembering that in our private lives.

SUPER FORGER:

Astounding Frauds

ONE of the most-wanted rogues in Britain to-day is Sidney Ford; but as he has nearly seventy aliases and a different personality to fit each one, the problem of keeping track of him is well-nigh impossible.

It has been baffling the police for more than two years!

It sounds incredible.

But the fact remains that since the spring of 1929, with warrants issued for his arrest in more than a hundred towns, with a fresh victim ensnared almost every day, and with police officers in constant communication with each other about him from one end of the country to the other, he even yet contrives to remain immune and imperturbed.

Many a mask—

Ford is a stout, jovial man in the early forties, whose brown hair is tinged slightly with grey. By piecing together a number of complaints we are able to present a fairly comprehensive picture of his methods, which we hope will help to hasten his arrest.

We can reveal him in many of his varied rôles—as Don Juan; as commandant in the Navy; as an Army officer; as a distinguished airman; as a master mariner; as a retired banker, and even in the callous rôle of bogus philanthropist among the unemployed.

One of his recent victims is a building firm in Herefordshire. Ford drove up to their premises by car and asked, with his usual impressiveness, for particulars of building plots in the locality.

He intended to retire shortly after a fairly active seafaring career, and had decided to settle down with his father, who was a widower.

As he was motored out to inspect various plots of land Ford became more confiding. Remarks which he seemingly let slip by chance suggested that his father was quite wealthy. He affected to be greatly devoted to his aged parent, and spoke of comforting him in his declining years. He was, he added, an only son and a confirmed bachelor.

Ford spent some time inspecting different properties before deciding upon a plot several acres in extent. By that time it was getting late, so further business was deferred until the next day.

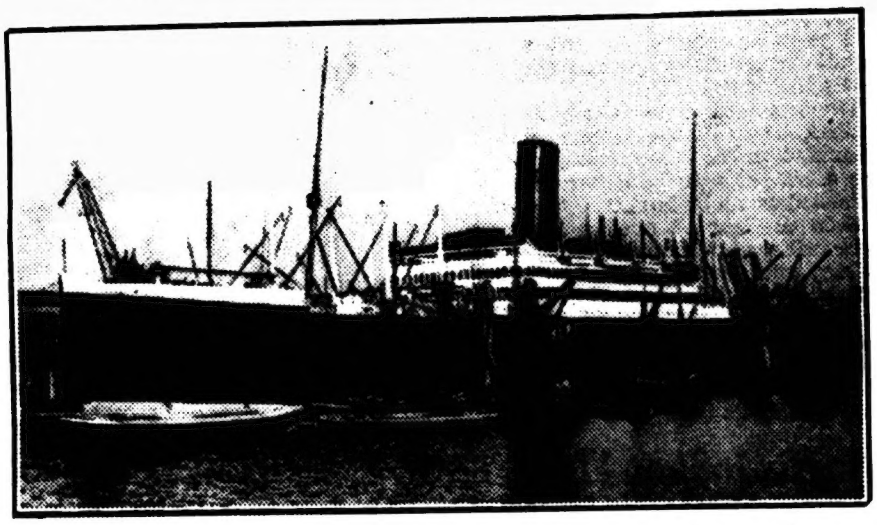
He was annoyed

At the second meeting Ford resumed the discussion with great enthusiasm. The site he proposed to acquire was inspected again, and preliminary arrangements and questions of types of houses that could be built were thrashed out.

This kept them later than they had been on the previous day, and Ford suddenly discovered, with well-feigned annoyance, that he would be too late to get back before his bank shut.

Of course, he prevailed upon the builder to cash a cheque for him. It was for £20, and came back "R.D." But the builder never saw Ford any more.

He is not the only victim this rogue has found in that part of the country.



Sometimes Sidney Ford is the gallant skipper; here are three boats—the "Denham," "Sir Walter Scott," and "Minnetonka"—whose bridges he claims to have proudly paced. Yet it is more than likely that he has never even seen them

Another is a garage proprietor to whom Ford recounted the same stories, embellished with the fact that he was actually driving about with the builder.

Ford contracted for the purchase of a car, and, pretending to have come out one day without his cheque-book, induced the garage proprietor to lend him three blank cheques to enable him to settle three "small local bills."

Hotel thievery

Actually, they have all been filled in for substantial amounts and converted into cash.

Ford had previously spent some days in Leicester masquerading as "Lieutenant Alexander Stanley, R.A.F."

He stayed at a good hotel and talked entertainingly of his many flying thrills. He similarly explained his presence in the district by pretending that he was contemplating setting up house with his widower father, and passed numerous worthless cheques. When he departed his hotel bill was unpaid and various rooms were found to have been ransacked.

In another town he rented a house for a month, and said he was Captain Nicholson, of the Mercantile Marine, just home from a long voyage.

He told most people he met that he wanted to take things easily until his next voyage—and this he certainly did!

He lived luxuriously on credit, and then disappeared in a most ingenious fashion.

Calling upon his landlord with a cheque for nearly £200, he pretended he was retiring through incapacitation and that the cheque represented compensation.

The landlord was induced to cash it for him, deducting an agreed sum for rent. The captain then disappeared, leaving his victim to discover that the cheque was worthless, the name of a famous shipping line which it bore being cleverly forged!

At Lowestoft, in the name of Barrow, he posed as an Army Chaplain on leave. Securing rooms at a private hotel, he feigned illness, and requested the manageress to go to a chemist to get some special medicine his doctor had prescribed.

He cunningly made this request at an hour when most of the guests were out, and once the manageress had left the house the pseudo invalid leapt from his bed and ransacked most of the rooms.

Although the woman was only absent a short while, the bogus chaplain had gone before she returned, and had made a varied haul of cheque-books, cash and jewellery.

The love trick

Feigning sickness is an old trick of Ford's. Sometimes he seeks admission to hospitals in good-class districts and contrives to win unmerited sympathy on visiting days.

More than one generous-hearted woman hospital visitor has thus been induced to listen to his plausible stories and to advance him money for some project or other which he has made to seem deserving.

His sway over women is undoubted. In one case, in the guise of a naval officer, he made ardent love to a young woman and borrowed a valuable ring from her to enable him to get an engagement ring of the correct size. She never saw him again.

Even banks are among his victims. As a naval reservist he induced one famous bank to allow him to open a current account and to draw out £50 on the spot. To create confidence he had handed in a cheque for £200, and pretended that he had £1,500 on deposit in London.

His story was all lies, and the cheque he presented had been stolen from a shipping company and cleverly forged by him.

Sea stories

Other banks have been duped in much the same manner, Ford being armed with spurious references purporting to come from leading shipping companies.

How he acquires his various documents is something of a mystery. One theory is that he has an accomplice in an unscrupulous printer, who copies actual shipping documents to his order and supplies him with blank cheques and spurious bankers' drafts.

At one time or another he has represented himself as captain of the s.s. *Tremen*, s.s. *Condor*, s.s. *Mesa*, s.s. *Minnetonka*, s.s. *Denham*, and the s.s. *Sir Walter Scott*.

It is impossible to follow his plundering tours with any degree of accuracy, but Howden, Yorks; Romford, Essex; Manchester, Aldershot, Chatham and Hull are a few of the places he has visited with his usual success.

Perhaps his most callous deception is to pretend that his wealthy father is going to buy land and finance a big building scheme to find work for the unemployed. In this way he has induced many a poor, workless man to part with his savings on the strength of promises of a good job when the scheme "gets going."

Such an all-round scoundrel deserves no mercy, and we hope he will soon be brought to book.

LONG-DISTANCE *Job Catch*

A BIRMINGHAM reader who is anxiously seeking employment was attracted the other day by an advertisement in a local paper offering clerical homework.

The firm making the offer was J. Grundy and Company, of High Holborn, London, but it did not strike our reader as strange that a London firm should be anxious to employ home-workers in Birmingham.

* * *

She accordingly wrote for particulars and in due course was favoured with a printed circular letter in which she was offered a spare-time agency in connection with the company's business as "importers and mail traders."

"We supply you with everything to make your agency a success," the letter stated, but added that applicants must forward a deposit of 2s.—this sum being demanded as a "protection against those who never intend carrying out the work."

Our reader forwarded 2s. in good faith, but complains that she has not heard anything further.

Enquiry in London reveals the fact that no firm of importers is registered in the name of "J. Grundy and Company," but a person named J. M. Grundy did have letter accommodation at the address given in the concern's circulars.

In consequence of complaints, however, he has been warned to cease using this address, and his present whereabouts appears to be wrapt in mystery.

Broken for SAVING LIVES

At the Liverpool County Court Judge Dowdall dismissed the claim

"Well may he grudge the price of heroism" — Mr. Edward Nolan

EVERY day, in factory, mine and ship, acts of heroism and self-sacrifice are performed which would embellish an honours list in war. They pass unrecorded and are accepted almost as part of the routine of industrial service.

Often the worker suffers physical hurt by his bravery. We describe here a case in which not only has this happened but the man concerned is virtually starving and likely to become homeless in consequence of imperilling himself to save others.

He is Mr. Edward Nolan, of 4, Halstead Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.

Nolan was a member of the crew of the steamship *Anglesey Coast*, which is owned by Coast Lines, Ltd., a £7,000,000 company with probably the largest fleet in the home trade.

At Milford Haven, Nolan was in a party of the crew placing a girder weighing a ton and a half across the hatchway.

As soon as the power of the derrick was applied, the heavy girder swung forward out of control along a section of the deck which is only four feet wide.

In this narrow space stood two of Nolan's fellow seamen. There was no escape for them from the oncoming beam. It had only to travel a few more inches and they would have been crushed and probably killed.

Price of heroism

Nolan saved his mates. He flung himself bodily upon the beam, and by his sudden action diverted it.

But he could not get free himself. His arm was caught between the beam and the deck fittings, and one of his fingers was completely severed.

For twelve weeks, most of which he was under hospital treatment, Nolan was paid workmen's compensation at the rate of thirty shillings weekly.

Then his employers, declaring that they considered he was fit for full duty, refused to pay him longer.

But they did not offer him work of any kind. When they were approached by a solicitor on behalf of Nolan they refused to do so and stated that they would resist any claim which he might make for the continuation of compensation.

Coast Lines, Ltd., were obviously determined to do nothing on his behalf. The first hospital to which Nolan was taken after the mishap and in which he was detained for a week rendered a modest account of two guineas for his treatment.

The employers have replied on two occasions that they do not consider there is any liability upon them to pay this account.

Nolan himself could not pay the small hospital bill. He was destitute.

Nowhere could he find work. He had largely lost the power of one hand, and in these days employers can fill all the vacancies they have with men who are not disabled.

Doctors who examined Nolan declared him unfit, and undertook to assist him in the prosecution of a claim for compensation.

The case was set down for hearing in Liverpool County Court, but unfortunately Nolan's medical witness could not attend the court on the day appointed.

Owing to the court's vacation, it was not possible for the case to come into the list again for nearly three months, and an application was made on Nolan's behalf for an adjournment until then.

To this the employers strenuously objected, and when the judge upheld them, Nolan, without his expert medical evidence, had no alternative but to withdraw the proceedings.

The employers applied for costs against Nolan, and although the judge endeavoured to persuade them not to press an application of the kind, they persisted, and, of course, got their order.

Bailiffs' threat

Nothing was done by the employers to enforce the order for costs until Nolan recommenced proceedings against them this month.

Then they levied execution; but the bailiffs' visits to Nolan's home have so far proved fruitless.

Next they applied to the court not to allow Nolan to reopen the case because their costs—£27—had not been recovered. The order they sought for this purpose was refused.

A few days ago, eleven weeks after the first abortive hearing and eight months after the accident, Nolan had his case heard.

An eminent Liverpool surgeon went into the witness-box and testified that Nolan's "grip" was still at least 20 per cent. deficient.

With a handicap of this kind no seaman can at present have the slightest hope of obtaining employment.

The employers countered this evidence by producing in court two sailors who showed their hands to the judge to reveal that they had lost fingers. They said they were fit to work.

What relevance this kind of evidence was supposed to have to Nolan's claim we cannot tell.

When the employers stated their belief that Nolan was fit for full work, they were asked if they had offered him any kind of employment.

He's starving—

Their answer was that there was no compulsion upon them to do so.

Nolan's claim was dismissed.

He has indeed paid for his sacrifice in tears and anguish.

The poor fellow is practically at starvation point. He is being hunted by bailiffs seeking to obtain possession of his home to sell it up for his late employers' costs, and the workhouse may be the only refuge for him and his family.

Well may he grudge the price of heroism.

We do not believe that the directors of Coast Lines, Ltd., can be aware of the facts related here. They are men who would not knowingly allow such calamity to befall a brave man who has served them well.

The Mythical MUSICIAN

A MUSICAL dealer in Scarborough was recently visited by a distinguished looking stranger of military bearing who gave the name of "Captain A. Woodhouse."

Although the captain was in mufti, he explained that he was a bandmaster in the Hussars, his regiment being stationed at the Cavalry Barracks, Hounslow.

He had come to Scarborough, he said, to conduct a band at a local function, but the purpose of his present call was to inspect a portable wireless set which he had admired in the window.

The dealer readily brought the instrument out and gave the bandmaster a demonstration. "Captain Woodhouse" expressed approval, but said he would not like to decide definitely until he had had an opportunity of testing the set's reception more thoroughly.

Would it be possible, he asked, to take it away on trial if he deposited £10 or so and undertook to give his decision in a couple of days?

His present address being at one of the leading hotels in Scarborough, the dealer saw no objection to this arrangement, so the captain wrote out a cheque and asked for the wireless set to be delivered at his hotel.

He did not return within two days as he had promised, but his cheque deputised for him and bore the ominous inscription "R.D."

The dealer promptly got into touch with the hotel, but found to his dismay that the captain had departed suddenly, leaving his bill unpaid.

In spite of the fact that "Captain Woodhouse" curtailed his Scarborough visit so abruptly, he contrived to defraud several other people there.

One is a photographer, to whom he gave an exclusive sitting, at the same time booking an appointment for his band to be specially photographed. Having inspired confidence in this way, he cashed a cheque and departed.

This fade-away captain is a clever impostor whose stories are all mythical. He has visited other towns, finding fresh dupes in each, but he is quite unknown at Hounslow Barracks except for the complaints which have reached the authorities there.

A Real-Life Kinema Villain

A WELL-DRESSED man of slightly foreign appearance is at present touring the country in the guise of a business magnate.

He was in Derby recently and registered as "Mr. Mason" at an hotel, where he was understood to be the representative of a big London kinema corporation.

The object of his visit to Derby, he confided, was to clinch a very important business deal with the proprietor of a local kinema. And to facilitate this business he hired a car in which he was driven from place to place in great style.

"Mr. Mason" was always bustling. He never stirred without his attaché-case and was always poring over legal-looking documents.

One morning he left as usual but, after he had driven some distance from the hotel, ordered the driver of the hired car to stop outside a block of business offices.

The driver waited for some considerable time, but the dashing "Mr. Mason" did not return—he had given the other the slip!

But the garage proprietor who was thus defrauded of a substantial sum for car hire is not the only person to be taken in by this hustling hoaxer.

His tales of local business deals have now been exploded as lies, and he not only left his hotel bill unpaid, but ransacked several guest rooms too.

On the occasion of his last exit his attaché-case must have been packed with stolen jewellery, cash and cheques.

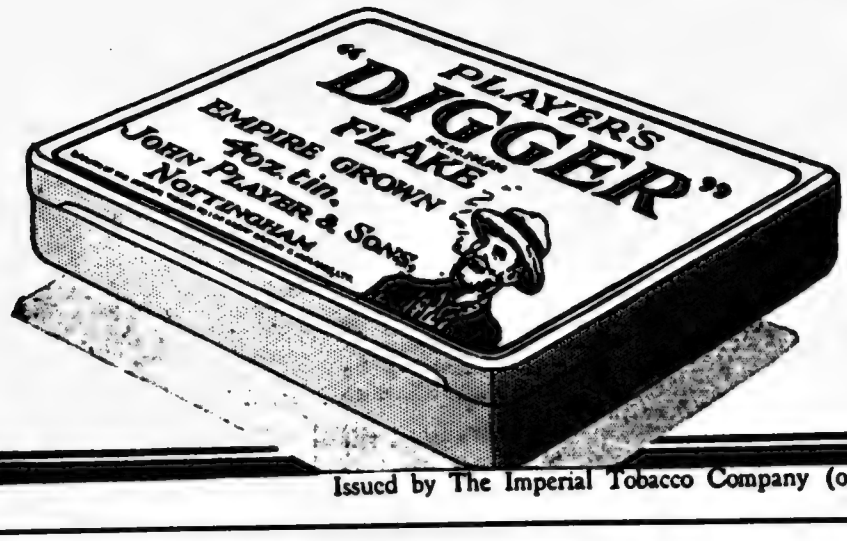
Nor is "Mason" the only name that this hoaxer has employed. Some of his victims know him as "Mr. J. Roger Black," and there is evidence of cheque frauds and hotel robberies in all parts of the country for which he can be held responsible.

The Handy Pocket Tins of

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

FLAKE

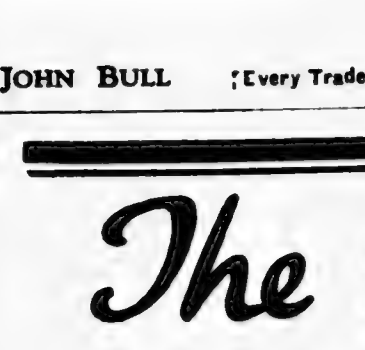


are now on sale

2oz 1'4D 4oz 2'8D

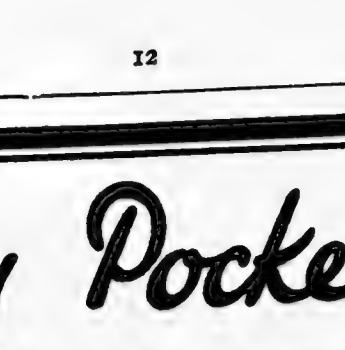
P.D.6.A

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.


I tried extracts from a hundred young animals of different ages before I found the exact biocel tissue to rejuvenate the human skin.

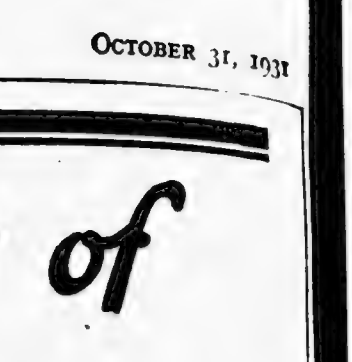
In the Laboratories of the University of Vienna, Prof. Dr Stejskal makes the marvellous discovery of skin biocel—an amazing product which restores youth to the skin.

In startling skin nutrition tests conducted by Dr. Stejskal on women of 55 to 72 years of age, wrinkles completely disappeared in six weeks' time (See full report in Vienna Medical Journal).



This marvellous, highly concentrated "biocel" tissue, obtained from young animals, is now contained in Crème Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour, prepared according to the special process of Prof. Dr. Stejskal.

Madame Guilhardin writes: "I used Crème Tokalon Skinfood with astonishing results. Although I am a woman of 48 with three children, I do not look a day older than 33. I entered a beauty contest and won first prize of £100."



Another woman writes: "My husband says that my beautiful complexion first attracted him. He does not guess that I am over 40 and used to have ugly lines and wrinkles. I owe the youthful beauty he so much admires to Tokalon 'Biocel' Skinfood."

Use this new Crème Tokalon Skinfood "Biocel" Rose Colour at night—it nourishes and rejuvenates your skin while you sleep. In the morning, use Crème Tokalon Skinfood White Colour, non-greasy—it banishes enlarged pores and blackheads, tightens up the pores and gives 'tone' to the skin. Rose 1/3 and 2/-. White 1/- and 1/6.

FREE By arrangement with the manufacturers, any reader of this paper may now obtain a de-luxe beauty outfit containing the new Tokalon Skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packet of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 422A), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a

15/- Free Gift Coupon

will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE.

FROM £3 15s. CASH OR TERMS

Chas. Roberts CYCLE WAREHOUSE, NO 24, COVENTRY

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

£1-1-0

is all you pay for a charming **PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE.** Many other similar bargains in Horn, Hornless, Upright Grands and Consoles, with which I give

FREE RECORDS.

Sent on Approval, CARRIAGE PAID.

Small Monthly Payments.

Write for my Free Lists NOW.

Chas. Roberts 24 COVENTRY

A scene from a famous film studio—but there's no room for Mindszenty-trained executives there

Mysterious FILM ACADEMY

NUMEROUS enquiries have reached me regarding a new institution known as the First British College of Hollywood Film Technique, of Burlington Avenue, Kew Gardens, Surrey.

This college is now advertising for pupils to learn film technique, and, according to its announcements, is fortunate in enjoying the services of a "well-known film producer, direct from Hollywood."

The training offered is said to include producing, directing, scenario writing, camera work, art direction and editing.

So very comprehensive

Application is invited to "Film Director" at the address I have already mentioned.

Those who are attracted by the advertisements and write for further particulars are favoured with a prospectus—several copies of which are before me as I write.

From the prospectus I gather that the First British College of Hollywood Film Technique is under the direction of a Mr. G. A. Mindszenty, who I am assured, is "a well-known and experienced producer of films."

It is Mr. Mindszenty who is to undertake the actual training of pupils and make them "acquainted with American methods of producing films."

He is said to have twenty years' experience behind him and to be "still active in all branches of the industry as producer and technical film expert."

The special branches in which instruction is offered are most comprehensive.

I do not propose to go through the whole syllabus here, but the reader will gain a sufficient idea of its nature when I say that it includes such subjects as story adaptations from stage plays and novels; rhythm in picture, dialogue and sound; camera angles; commercial scenario preparation; the art of lighting; trick films; colour films; and sound films.

Finally, it is claimed that the directors of the First British College of Hollywood Film Technique have arranged a master course in one of the most up-to-date sound film studios, so that the students shall have an opportunity of practical experience in the real atmosphere.

Now all this sounds very ambitious and convincing, but the pictures painted in advertisements and brochures seem to fade sadly when we begin to seek first-hand information.

Although I have caused widespread enquiries to be made, I have been unable to discover anyone in established film circles who knows anything of this mighty project.

Mindszenty is a strange name to them, nor can it be seen in any of the usual books of reference where other film celebrities are to be found.

It would therefore appear that he is not as "well known" as the brochure would have us believe.

Indeed, one enquirer even took the trouble to telephone to the headquarters of the First British College of Hollywood Film Technique, and found to his amazement that Mr Mindszenty did not seem to be too well known there, either.

At first he was told that there was no one at the address of that name; then that Mr. Mindszenty had been there but was not there *now*; finally, that a Mr. Kelly, who was not available at the moment, could probably give fuller information.

Now this is interesting, for on examining the various replies which applicants have received from the First British College of Hollywood Film Technique, I find that they have, without exception, been signed by a certain "M. Kelly."

He does not record any designation for himself in writing to applicants. In fact he seems rather guarded, as all his letters close with the remark:

"Terms of arrangements would be better by appointment previously advised by letter or telephone."

Over-drawn pictures

I have been unable to trace any reference to the First British College of Hollywood Film Technique in the register of Business Names, and as the headquarters at Burlington Avenue, Kew, happen to be in a private dwelling house, it would appear that the college is not yet very well established.

Whether Mr. Mindszenty, who is not at Kew, or Mr Kelly, who is "away all day," are joint principals or not, I cannot tell.

The vagueness of this new college's prospectus, the absence of anything concrete in its offers, its private house headquarters and its "part-time" principals, incline me to take a pessimistic view of its prospects of success.

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS
from Major-General
SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

BOGUS LIBERAL PARTY FIASCO

THIS story concerns a political party which flourished actively during the General Election, but the name of which will not be found in the polling results.

What the creed of this organisation is I do not pretend to know. But I have discovered its chief object.

It was to part political aspirants from their money.

It is the New Liberal Party.

I first became aware of the existence of the bogus New Liberal Party when newspaper advertisements appeared recently announcing that it was offering political careers to men and women.

Candidates for the party's favours were required to undertake a comprehensive schooling course comprising economics, political history, public speaking, and the like.

Also, they found, it was necessary to pay fees to the party managers.

A typical instance of what befell those who were enticed into the party will be found in the experience of a South Kensington civil servant.

He was informed by the secretary of the party, after replying to one of the advertisements, that the organisation had been founded by someone named Colin Keys, who was described as one of a brilliant band of young politicians who had seceded from the official Liberal Party to revive a Liberalism free from Conservative or Socialist associations.

Men and women, the applicant was told, were being trained for positions in the political and business executives of the party.

So he paid the deposit asked for and waited the call to service.

His suspicions were aroused when, after several applications, he could not get a receipt for his money.

Subsequent events justified his doubts. Colin Keys could never be found when visits were paid to the headquarters of the party and appointments were not kept.

* * *

The New Liberal Party was by no means the only instrument for money-making being used by Keys. Running in double harness with it was a weird organisation known as the Anti-Co-operative Movement, of which he was described as founder.

The public were asked to buy only from shopkeepers who were members, and the shopkeepers were required to set aside part of their profits for dividends to customers.

But the dividends were not to be paid direct. They were to be received in bulk by Colin Keys, who would distribute them.

What was called the Control Office of the New Liberal Party and the Anti-Co-operative Movement was in Cambridge Circus, London, W.C.

It was a furnished room, six feet square, which was sub-let to Keys.

Working in conjunction with Keys was a man named Percy Vinden Neve.

The only property possessed by the party and the movement was a portable typewriter.

A few days ago Keys and Neve made a bonfire of papers at the office, packed the typewriter, and quietly flitted without paying the rent.

These two men, I find, were previously associated in some strange concerns conducted from an attic of a Strand building.

One was called British Commercial Agencies, Ltd., which Neve directed. This was a shady show, which offered dubious employment to people foolish enough to buy shares.

Another was styled the National Council of Private Trading, which was brought into being by Keys and which bore a strange resemblance to the queer Anti-Co-operative Movement.

At that time many people tried to find Keys at this office. He was as elusive then as he has been in connection with the New Liberal Party. Neve and he quitted the Strand Office without even paying their gas-bill.

An amazing individual operated in concert with them. This was Hugh George de Willmot Newman. He called himself His Serene Highness the Most Illustrious and Noble Duke of Saxe-Noricum.

At one time he became mixed up in the activities of that notorious financial adventurer, Henry Allen Ashton.

* * *

His real name is neither Newman nor Saxe-Noricum. It is Lawrence Hood and he distinguished himself by obtaining money from clergymen while acting as secretary to another curious individual named Banks, who posed as His Excellency the Patriarch of Windsor.

I mention these facts because I have found that when the mysterious Colin Keys and his partner, Neve, flee from one office, they take refuge at an accommodation address in Conduit Street, London, W.

This also happens to be a shelter for the fictitious duke, to whom anyone making enquiries about Keys is referred.

Such is the history and the associations of the New Liberal Party.

Cuticura Healed Awful Disfigurement On Girl and Boy

"My daughter had watery pimples on her face and when they broke it caused the trouble to spread. The pimples were inflamed and sore and later scaled over and were very painful. The disfigurement was awful. She could not go out unless she was bandaged up. My little boy had the same trouble, and he also had blisters on his neck and fingers. It was heartbreaking to see the little chap.

"Cuticura Soap and Ointment were recommended so I purchased some, and after using two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and two cakes of Cuticura Soap my children were healed." (Signed) Mrs. A. E. Rush, 22, Coram Bldgs., Russell Sq., London, W.C.1, Eng., Jan. 3, 1930.

Use Cuticura Soap daily for the toilet, assisted by Cuticura Ointment when required, and have a clear, fresh complexion, free from pimples or blackheads. Cuticura Talcum fragrant and refreshing, is an ideal toilet powder.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

Are You Losing Hair—or Bald?

Do you know that when the hair falls out, or comes out on the comb, the roots DO NOT come out also? They remain in the scalp, and in very many cases can be invigorated and aided to grow new hair again even after a long time, by using Kotalko.

Mr. A. Brown, of Hackney, is but one of the big legions of users of Kotalko who has proved this to be true.

"This time last year," he states, "I was completely bald. My hair had fallen out in patches, and even medical treatment failed to arrest the baldness. Finally, I had not a hair on my head.

"I then used Kotalko, and the results have been amazing. My friends marvel at the complete new hair growth which was brought on by the use of Kotalko."

Test-Box Coupon

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
2, Percy Street (53 T.H.), London, W.1.

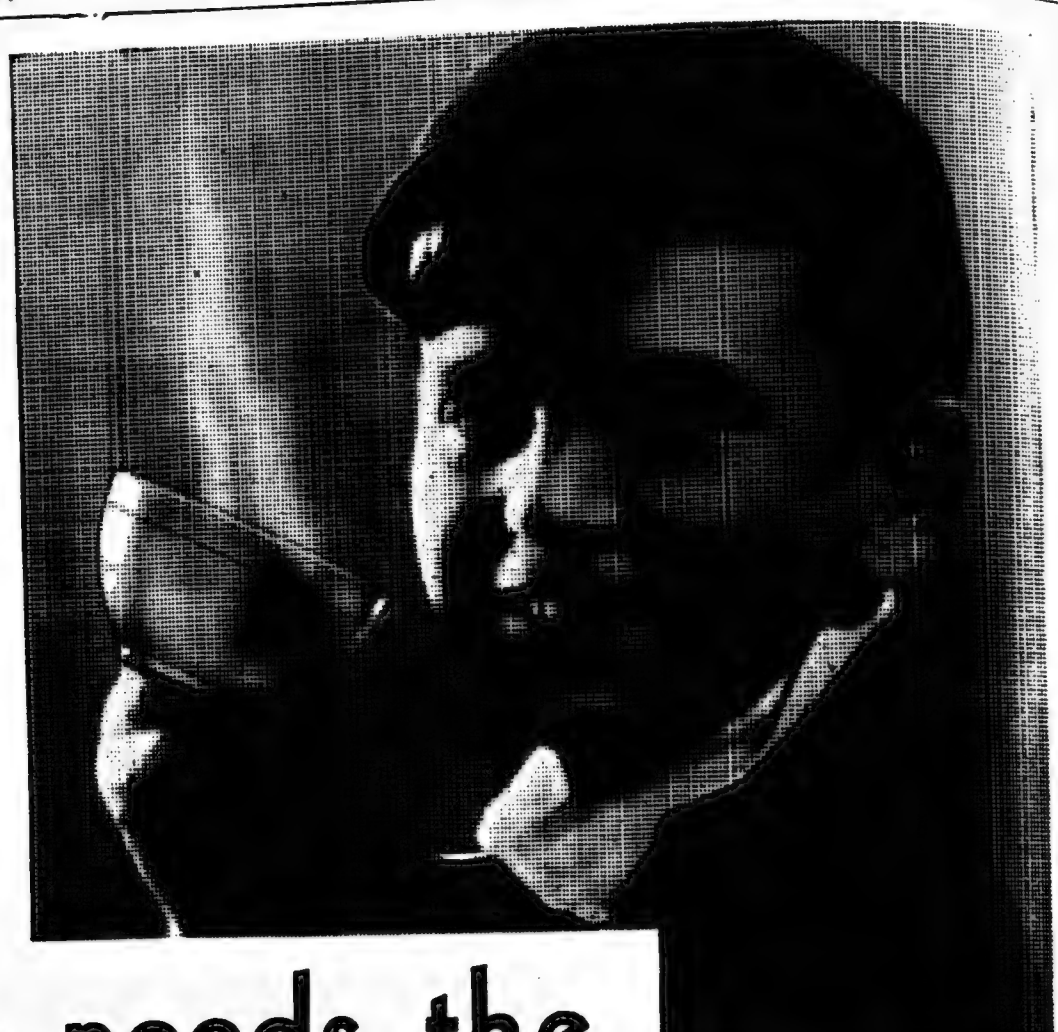
Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

THE GRAVES
'PROGRESS'
BARGAIN SALE
Price complete & Carriage Paid £3:0:0
TERMS: 5/- with Order and 5/- Monthly. Fullest Approval
Two super quality white All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped edges 68 x 88ins, weight 7½lbs.
Two White Fleecy Blankets, Whipped Edges, 60 x 80ins. 4lbs pair.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheet 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.
One coloured Alhambra Hemmed Quilt, Size 73 x 94ins.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.
Two pure White Pillow Cases, Size 20 x 30ins.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins
5/- NOW
IMPORTANT. As an extra advantage, we include a 16-Piece Cutlery Service: 4 Stainless Rhefield Steel Knives 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, & 4 Tea Spoons all of 'Columbian' Silver which wears white all through
30 years character for honourable trading. Catalogue Post Free
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.



He needs the extra nourishment that BOURNVILLE COCOA gives

Now is the time to help your children to keep clear of autumn coughs and colds. The right help is extra nourishment, which should be carefully selected for its high energy value. In energy value Bournville Cocoa surpasses such excellent foods as sugar, bread, beefsteak, or eggs; one ounce of it gives 141 calories. That is why Bournville Cocoa is used by athletes and Arctic explorers; every ounce of their food must tell. Bournville is the cocoa with the chocolaty flavour—and cocoa is the most economical food-drink you can buy.

MADE BY CADBURY IN THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

6D per ¼lb. (½lb. 11D. 1lb. 1/9)

SOME SHORT CUTS TO HAPPINESS

Big LITTLE Things

by E. Roffe Thompson

IN the sweep and clash of the election contest I was amazed and rather saddened to find that very few candidates found time to mention, even in passing, a number of social reforms that are crying for accomplishment.

As with a woman, so with a nation, it is the seemingly little things that count. Part of the equipment for an industrial revival is a more contented life.

It is true that the Government's main task is to restore British credit, restore British industry and help to cure the international ills that are afflicting the whole world.

It is a task for statesmen, if ever there was one; but the gravity of that task is no reason for neglecting to seize the opportunity that has so astonishingly arisen to cut a good many political tangles and end, by agreement, a number of human wrongs.

* * *

Forgive me if I start with the age-old problem of divorce.

I must, for the volume of misery perpetuated by Parliament's refusal to deal with this problem on human instead of on political grounds is beyond computation.

"I have not heard anything of my husband since he deserted me eight years ago," says a letter I received the other day. "Please tell me if there are any means whereby I can remarry."

A *human cry*

Just one of thousands—and there is nothing to be done. Yet it is nearly twenty years since the Majority Report of Lord Gorell's Commission urged justice for such poor women.

Desertion, incurable lunacy, imprisonment for life, and habitual drunkenness as valid grounds for divorce are surely not matters involving the artificial acrimony of Party politics. They constitute an elementary human demand.

* * *

What is there "political" about the outrageous distinction we permit between legitimate and illegitimate children? Spain has just decreed that in future there shall be no such thing in Spain as an "illegitimate" child. Must we lag even behind Spain?

There could surely be no disagreement over a proposal to repeal a measure that visits on the innocent heads of little children the sins of their parents.

* * *

As I view true statesmanship, it should be as much concerned with the elementary rights of men and women and children as with the discussion of world affairs. That is why I think it is time we over-rode those people who think Sunday is a synonym for persecution.

And I am thinking more of the children than I am of their parents, of thousands of children who, on Sundays, are locked out of parks, whose swings are chained up, and who are driven to the streets by puritanical municipalities in whose ears their happy laughter and play is desecration.

I do not think this is a trivial matter. Nothing is trivial that brings sorrow and unhappiness to children; and only apathy has kept us from stopping such nonsense as chaining up the swings and see-saws in our public parks and closing paddling pools because "people living near resent the noise of children's laughter on Sunday," as they did at Crewe.

On Sunday the swings are chained up—and "the children are driven to the streets by puritanical municipalities"

* * *

There are many more things that are no cause of Party dissension, things that could be altered to-morrow by a Parliament dominated by good will and a sense of human justice.

If it is going to be easy to prevent profiteering in the difficult days ahead, would it not be just as easy to eliminate the profiteering that is rampant to-day?

A few weeks ago a farmer sent a consignment of cabbages to Covent Garden. He received £2 18s. 6d. for them. In the shops they realised over £250!

I am not concerned with farmers or middlemen or shopkeepers, I am only concerned with the fact that there is glaring injustice in this kind of happening that affects every little home in the country.

The poor pay

It isn't that this sort of thing can't be stopped. It is only that up to now we haven't stopped it. The banditry of the food robbers has nothing to do with politics. To allow it to continue is a denial of justice to the poor.

* * *

These may seem strange days to be talking about company flotation, but prosperity will come again, and with it there will also come the golden chance for the cheat and the fraud and the shark.

Out of 284 companies floated in 1928, with debentures and subscribed share capital of £117,000,000, no fewer than 106 had been wound up and lost their capital by last May.

The other side of that picture is the pitiful loss of savings in thousands of little homes, savings that were lost because of the tricks and frauds that our lax laws allow the shady financier to indulge in with impunity.

What is there "political" about the tightening up of company laws, the protection of the helpless from knavery, and the safeguarding of the thrifty from open robbery?

* * *

There are scores of things like this, things for which JOHN BULL has been pressing for years, and none of which has any relation to the quarrellings of Party politicians.

A worth-while unity!

There are scores of things that would be in the truest sense of the words "social reform," because they would replace misery by happiness and bring a little comfort and joy into thousands of drab lives. Can't we do them?

For "social reform" in the sense of a vast extension of social services we must perforce wait.

Progress in this direction is tragically dependent upon the available national income. But there need be no prolonged wait for the humanising of the lives of the people in ways such as I have indicated here. Party politics are not involved, and, once the new Government has fulfilled its main tasks, these minor reforms could be achieved without difficulty.

The Human Machine

FOUR-SQUARE

IT is probably futile to ask what is the most important thing in life, for if a man is to live his life fully and live it well, everything he thinks and says and does is of tremendous importance. We shape our own course and we make our own lives. We may be hindered—but we cannot be stopped. We may be diverted—but none but ourselves has the power to make us retrace our steps.

Everything is important, yet there are some things that stand out, certain basic things without which all others are of no account. And one of these was admirably expressed by a successful business man the other day when he said: "The best way to get what you want in life is to play with the other fellow, and not against him.

"You can't do that unless you are absolutely square with him and with yourself. I have known many men who went down because they tried to fool someone else, but really fooled nobody but themselves."

Deception and trickery never pay in the long run, for we cannot gain advantages at someone else's expense without forfeiting the good will of our fellows and losing our own self-respect. And there is nothing in the world worth doing wrong for. There is nothing in the world worth having that cannot be got by square means. No good purpose and no good cause ever yet needed deceit to further them.

It is never clever to trick and deceive. It is the act of a coward, a coward fleeing from his own conscience, scared of the truth, terrified of the mere shadow of responsibility. For it often takes a brave man to play the game. To stand four-square on principle is not always the easiest thing in the world.

But its reward is certain, for only so can we achieve the peace of mind that is the spring of all mental and spiritual power.

Party with 4,000 Seats!

What a mighty gathering there's going to be at JOHN BULL'S Christmas Party! As many as 4,000 guests are to be invited and 600 of them are to be decided in the *Bullets contest on page 35.*

Get busy this evening and win a Christmas Feast for a few words!

"Sound *sleep at night* . . . one thing I must have"

WRITES THIS TWELVE-HOUR DAY MAN

FRESH and energetic — ready to tackle a hard day's work — that's how you should feel when you wake up each morning. Actually, according to statistics, 7 out of 10 people wake up only partially rested. This is because they fail to get the right kind of sleep. For recent research has proved that it is only during the hours of *complete* relaxation that your whole body and nervous system can recuperate and build up fresh stores of energy for the new day's activities.

There is an easy way to get sound sleep

An easy way of getting sound sleep is to drink a cupful of hot Horlick's Malted Milk at bedtime. By this means your body is warmed and nourished at the vital time when you are seeking rest, and the light digestive process set in action has a soothing effect upon your entire system.

Try taking Horlick's *to-night!* You will find that it will improve the quality of your sleep so that you wake up completely rested and full of energy.

HORLICK'S

PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVOURED

MADE IN ENGLAND

Chemists and grocers have Horlick's, in sealed glass bottles in four sizes. Also the Horlick's Mixer, small size, 6d., large size, 1/-. With one of these you can develop an extra-smooth, creamy drink in just a few seconds. Horlick's Malted Milk Co. Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

"I RECKON I know what hard work is," says Mr. Remnant, who farms his own land—100 acres of it. "For years now I have averaged 12 hours a day—up in the morning at six and on the go all day. But there's one thing I *must* have, and that's *sound* sleep at night. I allow myself eight hours in bed, six of which I count on getting really deep sleep. I rarely miss my Horlick's night-cap, and to the sound and regular sleep I always get I attribute my fitness. I don't mind telling you that although I've had my 60th birthday I don't feel a day older than I did ten years ago."

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

INCOME-TAX Dodgers— AMAZING FACTS

THE last act of the Emergency Government was to introduce measures to "balance the Budget."

Whether that aim will be achieved time alone will tell; but at least the country is in no doubt as to the effect of the measures taken on the individual pocket.

Cuts in wages, new taxation, increased payments of income tax—the citizen has now cheerfully accepted the whole, in the hope of some drastic cure for the nation's ailing finances.

At the same time, to those who are stoutly shouldering the burden of additional income-tax payments, there must be inevitably a tinge of bitterness in their knowledge that there is a section of the community which is escaping almost scot-free.

To make matters worse it is a class which, as a whole, can well afford to meet additional demands. For its immunity it has to thank the inadequacies of the present Finance Acts.

Information has lately reached JOHN BULL that there are widespread schemes in operation in the City of London, the object of which is to evade tax payments on a huge scale. It is no exaggeration to say that many hundreds of thousands of pounds, perhaps many millions, are being lost annually to the Treasury by skilled super-tax evaders.

The carefully designed provisions of the Finance Acts have presented no obstacle whatever to the clever brains behind these schemes.

WE purpose here to direct the Treasury's attention to some of the stratagems which are completely successful, and, although they are childishly simple, baffle the best efforts of the tax collectors.

The first method, and the one used by the really big operators, takes place under their very noses. The Treasury itself provides the means for the manœuvre.

First of all the individual concerned purchases a large block of Government securities of the kind that are not "taxable at source."

Bluff and Partner in their . . .

That is to say, securities on which the dividend is paid direct to the holder without first deducting income-tax, and on which the holder is himself responsible for paying the tax. These securities can be purchased by anybody in the open market in the ordinary way.

The holder then floats a small company in Switzerland. This is the one country which serves his purpose, as it is outside any international arrangements for tax collection such as exist between England and most other countries.

To this company the holder *lends* his block of securities, and each year the British Treasury pays the dividends on the securities to this company.

Now, having got his surplus capital and his dividends out of the country, the problem is to get as much as he wants back home again without it being taxed. This he does by the simple process of arranging for the dividends and a portion of the capital to be sent back to him as *payments back of money lent*. In this manner the money he receives *does not count as income*, and so *is not taxable*.

The whole procedure is perfectly legal, and no fraud of any kind is committed, yet enormous sums are being lost in taxation to the Treasury every year by this simple device which so completely breaks through the net of the Finance Acts.

There are many of these small companies at the moment registered in Geneva, Zurich and other Swiss towns. They serve no purpose except the one we have outlined, and associated with their inception are well-known names in British accountancy and finance who are thus evading their obligations to the State.

There is yet another ramp which is being carried on entirely in this country.

It is more common than the first one we have mentioned, and although some of H.M. Inspectors of Taxes are aware of it, and look askance on it, they have so far no weapons with which to combat it.

AN example to show how the trick is done: There is a firm in business in the West End of London with three directors who own the whole of the share capital. It makes a profit of £30,000 a year—a cool £10,000 a year for each director.

Were they paying their dues fully to the State they would each pay income-tax on the whole £10,000 and surtax on £8,000. Instead of that they merely pay their income-tax but avoid the surtax altogether.

This is how they do it: They purchase between them a derelict company, and make over the shares they hold in their own company to the derelict. Immediately this is done *they put the derelict into liquidation.*

Thereafter they are in clover. Each year their profits from their working company are paid to the company in liquidation, after deducting income-tax thereon as the law prescribes. This amount the derelict company pays to them as its chief and only creditors!

. . . international juggling turn

A company in liquidation can make no profits, according to law, so there is nothing to tax!

Thus these individuals get their £10,000 a year each, free of surtax, less the slight amount necessary to run a small office and pay the trifling upkeep of the "liquidator."

The income-tax law, which can hale any of us before a magistrate, and can get judgment on our roof and possessions for belated payment or default, cannot touch these shirkers.

As one last example of this curious net which lets large fish through and stops the small fry, there is the form of evasion practised by some foreign firms which manufacture goods in this country. They first dispose of the manufacturing rights in Great Britain to an agent who can, of course, be a member of their firm. They then form an English company to make the article on a royalty basis.

EACH year matters are so arranged that royalty payments swallow up the profits of the company—so there is no income-tax. In his turn the agent takes in commission the major portion of the royalties. There is thus no income-tax to pay on these before the money leaves the country.

Finally, the tax on the commissions is evaded by one or other of the expedients we have described.

If the tax authorities wish to gain information on these dodging devices they have not far to seek. Scores of accountants and tax experts are conversant with them.

Everybody, in fact, seems to know—except the Treasury, whose duty it is to put a stop to this unpatriotic game.

It is a monstrous thing that a large and wealthy section of the community can thus evade that share of the burden which the poorest members are facing cheerfully.

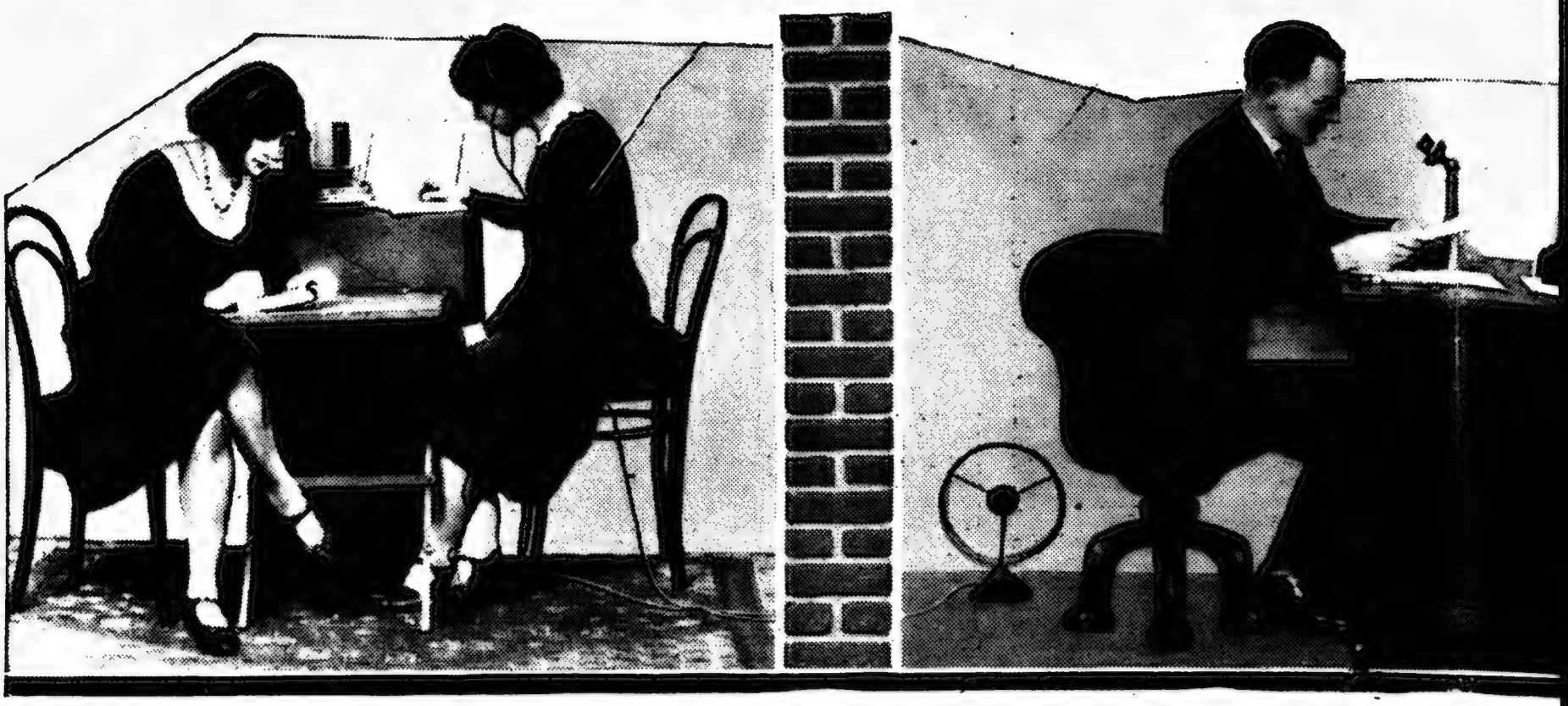
Now is the time, if ever, that those who have erred on their own side of the balance-sheet should err on the State's. If conscience cannot dictate the proper course for them to pursue, then we demand that legislation be introduced to point the way for them.

These ridiculous flaws in the Finance Acts must be remedied. Action has already been taken against those whose capital takes flight to the Channel Islands, and there is legislation against those who have floated public companies to handle their possessions and so evade taxation.

What the ingenuity of accountants can devise to escape the provisions of the Acts, the ingenuity of the Treasury experts and Bill drafters can devise to circumvent this mean and scandalous ramp.

The Finance Acts must be made proof against their cleverest wiles, and strong enough to make them pay.

BLACKMAIL GANGS: SENSATI DISC



WHEN Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., the Recorder for London, passed a sentence of seven years' penal servitude last week upon a man who had sought to obtain money by menaces from a clergyman, he expressed the opinion that blackmail was morally indistinguishable from murder.

He went on to say that while blackmail could be punished with a life sentence, there is a grave doubt whether the present system of dealing with the crime is adequately deterrent.

Sir Ernest is right. Blackmail is not being kept in check; and the reason is not far to seek. Under the present system the police must necessarily wait until victims come forward voluntarily to give evidence. And the very nature of the crime makes the victims reluctant to face publicity.

Even those who are moved eventually to lodge complaints with the police can rarely be persuaded to prosecute. It is officially estimated that a dozen blackmailers escape for every one brought before the court.

This estimate, of course, is based upon complaints actually received and can give no idea of the true extent of the blackmail menace.

Heed our warning

We pause aghast at the facts we have investigated. It is impossible to tell the story in all its detail. But such facts as we can present with decency we do here and now as a warning to the nation.

We want to throw a glaring light upon the operations of those whose crime, according to Sir Ernest Wild, is "morally indistinguishable from murder."

We desire to appeal as vigorously as we can to all blackmail victims to take their courage in both hands and lodge the fullest possible facts with the police.

We have the names of many such victims in our possession, but though we propose to deal with a number of cases, the identity of those involved cannot, of course, be revealed.

One is a rich clergyman who at one time held an important living in the Midlands. He was persecuted for years by blackmailers who had succeeded in luring him into a fiendish trap.

Parson in thumb-screws

During a visit to London he was introduced by a waiter at his hotel to a young woman who passed in the alias of Hammond.

In due course he was decoyed to her flat in Baker Street, London, unaware that his beautiful companion was the associate of blackmailers who were all the while lurking in the background.

Nothing was hastened. The woman played her part with consummate artistry, cultivating the clergyman's friendship and persuading him to write to her in between his visits to town.

For months the fish was played in this manner; then, when the clergyman called upon his new friend one day he was staggered by the sudden entry of a man who posed as the woman's husband.

The wretched victim was assured that private enquiry agents had been watching him for weeks; his indiscreet letters were produced and the injured husband threatened to go at once to interview the bishop of the clergyman's diocese.

One damning piece of evidence against him was a document which had been stolen from his pocket. It contained dates and notes in his own handwriting concerning his visits to London and his meetings with Miss Hammond.

Appalled at the threatened disgrace, this clergyman paid dearly for his folly. His captors promised silence—at a price. In panic, the victim commenced paying them large sums, but the more he paid the closer the net was drawn.

A mythical baby was the principal weapon next employed, and the blackmailers even pursued him to his parish.

One Sunday morning the tormented man actually had to face his congregation with the knowledge that the alleged "Mr. Hammond" was waiting for him in the vestry to make further demands, while the woman and another accomplice sat in a luxurious car near the church porch.

At last, his financial resources exhausted, wisdom came to him and he sought the advice of Scotland Yard.

Detectives, acting under Supt. W. Brown, of the "Big Five," took the case in hand. Try as they did they could not prevail upon the victim to prosecute. But from that moment the blackmailers left him in peace.

Secret camera plot

A wealthy society widow of the highest connections had a dreadful experience about two years ago while staying in an expensive suite at a famous hotel in the West End of London.

She had certain moral weaknesses which somehow became known to a gang of Mayfair blackmailers whose activities have often come under the notice of Scotland Yard.

Gradually they inveigled themselves into her company, posing as people of the same type as herself. Traps were laid for her, and suddenly, without warning, they played their master card.

The unhappy woman was confronted with a number of gravely compromising photographs.

"The camera cannot lie," she was reminded. It shows the expense to which this combination of vultures will go when we say that this camera, which had been installed in her suite without her knowledge, was a secret and silent one—probably the finest example of its type in the world.

The mere threat of placing copies of the photographs in the hands of her many highly-placed society friends was sufficient to bring the distracted woman to submission.

Instead of taking the right course of defying her blackmailers and seeking police aid, she agreed to their demands. Before she saw the photographs and plates safely destroyed she had been bled of £10,000.

Then, when it was too late, she lodged a complaint with the authorities. Nothing could be done. The woman went abroad to forget. She would not face even the subdued anonymity of "Mrs. X."

The same gang was responsible for the tragedy of Gilbert Munday, the young Englishman who was found riddled with bullets in Bordeaux six months ago, after he had squandered a legacy of £250,000.

It was said at the time that he was the victim of his own generosity and had been unwise in the choice of his friends; but the truth is that he was the victim of a cunningly engineered blackmail plot.

The people he thought to be friends were vampires who "nursed" him for a time, set a fiendish trap for him, and then proceeded to bleed him of his fortune.

His broken-hearted father furnished Scotland Yard with a harrowing statement and also sought the advice of JOHN BULL. But with young Munday dead, indispensable evidence to get a conviction could not be found, so the harpies who brought about his downfall are still at large and doubtless preying upon fresh victims.

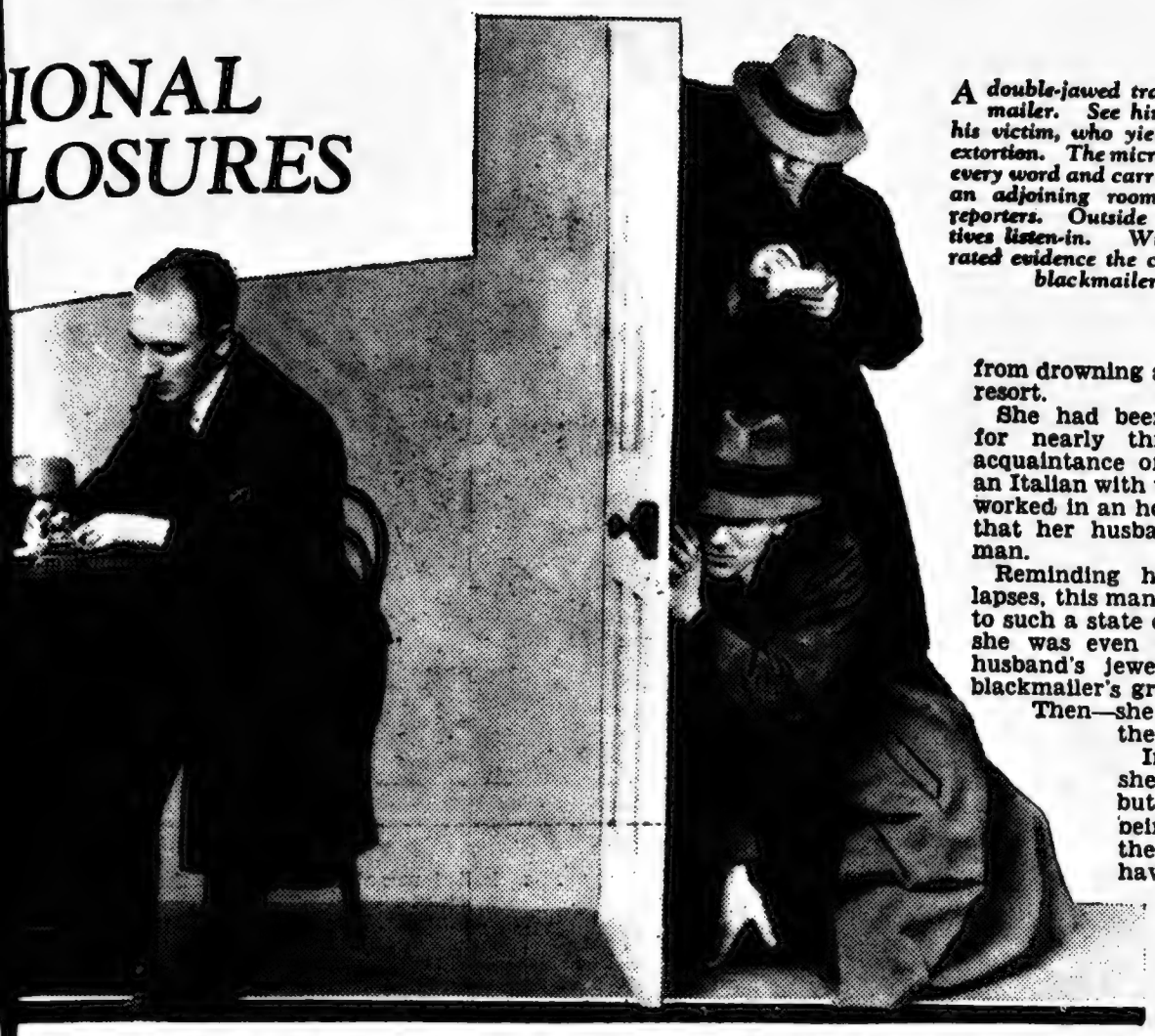
J.P. in their toils

Living in a suburban mansion to-day is an elderly man who is being persistently blackmailed by a bogus titled woman whose home is in Knightsbridge.

He has parted with thousands of pounds, though as a Justice of the Peace he is often called upon to dispense justice in a magistrate's court.

Here, again, the authorities know all the facts—know all about the

IONAL LOSURES



A double-jawed trap for the blackmailer. See him closeted with his victim, who yields to the final extortion. The microphone captures every word and carries it through to an adjoining room to shorthand reporters. Outside the door detectives listen-in. With this corroborated evidence the case against the blackmailer cannot fail

woman and her associates—but what can they do if the victim will not help them to help himself?

While blackmailers draw many victims from dissolute and degraded classes with independent means, by far the most-sought victims are clergymen or men engaged in philanthropic spheres.

The cat's-paw dies

Such men are regarded by the blackmailers as good game because it is only necessary to lure them into some slight lapse, or even an innocent meeting, and a mere suggestion of scandal may blast their careers.

An authentic official estimate, indeed, is that nearly 65 per cent. of blackmail victims are drawn from this class.

The affairs of a handsome woman named Madeleine Smith, who had a flat in Marylebone, London, came under the notice of Scotland Yard some time ago and occupied the attention of Chief Inspector Helby and numerous C.I.D. men.

She had played a conspicuous part in blackmailing a clergyman in South London who, after being "nursed" with the usual patience, had been induced to write a number of foolish letters.

In desperation, the man went to the police and Madeleine—like most women decoys, merely a tool—ended her life by taking cyanide.

One of the most remarkable of recent blackmail plots was actually hatched in Parkhurst Prison by a "gentleman" crook named George William Taylor.

With three other men named Frank Lennard, Alfred Tannen and Norman Stuart, he made a plot some years ago in which a certain Army officer was mulcted of £10,754 before he finally went to Scotland Yard.

Taylor received the maximum sentence—imprisonment for life—which he fully deserved.

But even prison bars have not served to curb him.

A few months ago a man came out of Parkhurst, smuggling with him a letter addressed by Taylor to a certain woman — a member of Taylor's blackmail gang who had helped to ensnare a clergyman residing in a South Coast town.

The released man was entrusted with the task of showing the letter to the clergyman—one of Taylor's many victims. It was in fact a demand for £250 towards her expenses in going to France to arrange for the publication of Taylor's life story. The letter made it clear that the memoirs would deal fully with the clergyman's own case!

This prison-hatched plot failed because the ex-convict decided to do the right thing and disclosed the facts to the authorities. But it says much for Taylor's ingenuity and resource that his scheme got as far as it did.

It would be possible to cite hundreds of current instances to show that blackmail plots are far more prevalent than the average person would suspect.

Silence cost thousands

A titled man who recently complained to the police has paid out huge sums to blackmailers in respect of his son—an effeminate youth who had been lured to a Chelsea flat frequented by degenerates.

The whole matter was hushed up, but not before it had cost the titled father thousands of pounds, in addition to which there were the heavy fees of a private enquiry agent and the cost of sending his son abroad until the scandal had died down.

Then, arising out of the suicide of a pretty West End butterfly, there is the case of a successful restaurant proprietor who, blackmailed because of his infatuation for the dead girl, signed away his business as the price of silence.

An appalling story of blackmail came to light this summer when a young married woman was rescued from drowning at a popular seaside resort.

She had been bled relentlessly for nearly three years by an acquaintance of her early days—an Italian with whom she had once worked in an hotel, who found out that her husband was a wealthy man.

Reminding her of some early lapses, this man reduced his victim to such a state of desperation that she was even driven to sell her husband's jewellery to meet the blackmailer's growing requests.

Then—she flung herself into the sea.

In the nick of time she was rescued, and, but for her tragic story being discovered by the police, she would have had to stand in the dock on a charge of attempted suicide.

A titled man lodged a complaint with Scotland Yard some time ago regarding a gang who through a notorious woman bled him of £17,000 as the price of a photograph which purported to show him in a compromising bathroom scene.

He had been pursued for years, but refused to prosecute.

A famous doctor, with a London and provincial reputation, is officially recorded as having been driven to suicide through overwork. But the truth—as the police know—is that he had been blackmailed for years because of a professional lapse in his early days.

Tell the police!

A great deal of blackmail centres around divorce cases. The crooks obtain names and addresses of co-respondents and extract colossal sums under threat of exposure to their friends.

This is regarded as a sure and safe "game," as the co-respondents selected are always married, members of good families, whose names are respected in society, but who have avoided publicity in the actual divorce proceedings as "persons unknown."

How can blackmail be checked?

So far as the police are concerned, when given a free hand, they have infinite resources at their command and can easily match the blackmailers for ingenuity.

In more than one instance a blackmailer has unwittingly furnished clinching evidence of his guilt in an interview with his victim (arranged at the instance of the police) at which a microphone has carried his tell-tale demands to independent witnesses in adjoining rooms.

Judges and magistrates also do their part by dealing out severe sentences.

But the real remedy, as we have shown, lies with the victims themselves. Until they come forward in greater numbers with a full determination to prosecute, their tormentors will flourish.

Top to bottom: A tragic tool of the blackmailer — Madeleine Smith; "Found riddled with bullets," Gilbert Munday; George William Taylor — he hatched a blackmail plot from jail; George Cawston, sentenced to three years' penal servitude for blackmailing a widow; Frank Lennard, another notorious extortionist, accomplice of the master crook Taylor

THE SUN ON THE HEARTH

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IN MILD weather it may be all right . . . . there is no great discomfort, not much risk of catching cold. But take care when the wintry weather comes. Then, both morning and evening — for dressing and undressing — you'll need warmth upstairs as much as you need it downstairs.

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"Plug moved like a machine, only with more furious, controlled energy"

FAST

The wonderful thing about life is the way some men put up with it.
Men like "Plug" Scaley.
What has he got to live for?

* * *

PLUG saw her coming towards him—a sylph misted by the azure smoke that belched from the blattering exhausts of twenty-three racing cars. She was as beautiful as the sunset, and as jaded as Paris at dawn.

Five fat Frenchmen were with her, and the shortest of them was the most important. He was introducing the more famous of the drivers waiting to start in the hazardous speed fight, which was officially termed the Grand Prix de St. Zare.

But he would not introduce Plug, who was only a mechanic.

Plug knew that the woman was "Chérisette," and that when she set a dainty foot on the Parisian stage half the city tried to get into the theatre.

The short Frenchman wagged a soft white hand towards the driver of the only British car in the race.

"Deeky Boyd!" he said.

Chérisette faintly inclined her head. She saw nothing special about Dicky Boyd, even though his whole body was filled with the sinewy strength needed to hold a car down to the road at a hundred and twenty miles an hour—and more.

SHE passed on, and Plug watched her. All paint she was, and the scent she used did not go well with the reek of oil fumes and the acrid odour from the exhaust.

He preferred Betty, anyway.

He stood, as he remembered her, staring unseeingly down the wide, grey, sun-drenched road, past the stands to where the first corner was hidden in heat-haze. He wondered if she was still—all right?

Dicky Boyd slid into the narrow cockpit, while a maroon spanged high in the air, marking the time as but five minutes from the start.

There was nothing more that Plug could do, but he wanted to stay near the car until the last moment. Because he had worked on it, lived on it, slept by it for days that had run into weeks. He wished that he was going into the race with it, but no mechanics were being carried.

Sometimes, too, he had wished that he had the hot, fiery courage of Dicky, so that he might have handled the machine—but he knew he hadn't that kind of nerve.

Blazing red Italian cars stood on either side. Beyond were efficient, white speedirons from Germany and, further off, blue French machines showed like bits of the sky on wheels.

"Plug!"

"Yes, sir?" He bent close to his driver.

"If I pull this off, you're on a tenner!"

Plug caught his breath. Ten quid!

"Better get to the side now, they're clearing the course!" he heard the driver call, and he extended one hand.

"Watch your tyres, sir," Plug said as he gripped it. "Don't let those Italians slip it across you!"

He moved off. French officials hustled him, and he joined other mechanics in a group at one end of the long line of replenishment pits. Silent men, tired men who had done all they could and now gave their work to drivers to prove.

LONG seconds dragged past. A semaphore arm twitched on its pole, then dropped lazily and, beneath it, the starter's flag slid down at the same moment. The cars surged forward, changing to vivid blurs of shifting colour, shooting meteor-like from the clouded oil-smoke above the line.

They leaped off in one titanic blast of shattering sound. Their stamping wheels kicked the dust from the road as they scuttled down it, and the pace-makers already duelled for the lead, although there was three hundred miles to go.

In her box, in the grand stand opposite the pits, Chérisette turned to one of the fawning Frenchmen.

"Do they go very fast?" she asked.

"Like you—fast enough to kill!" he answered.

She smiled. She felt that it was a compliment.

* * *

Plug stood in front of the little replenishment pit waiting for Dicky to come in for more fuel.

The sun was hot on Plug's face, and his eardrums were shuddering to the blattering blare of an Alfa-Romeo that was streaking past. The race was more than half run, and Dicky was up with the leaders. But he had to stop for replenishments now, and every split second that the car was halted meant clear gain to the other machines.

Abruptly, Plug sighted the car down the straight, coming up like a scuttling blob, growing larger and then veering towards him as he raised both arms high.

Brakes screeched. The dusty tail wagged and the car slewed, straightened, then came to a slithering stop, and he saw Dicky levering himself up in the cockpit.

"Change off-side rear wheel—tread stripped!"

FOR hours on end they had practised pit work, and now Plug moved like a machine, only with more furious, controlled energy than any machine ever had. Water—engine-cover up—oil—engine-cover down! Jack—smashing thuds of a copper-headed hammer on the hub-cap—lamed wheel off, and sudden sweat pouring down face and neck!

New wheel on, with pectoral muscles cracking under the strain of lifting it—hub-cap smashed home again, and the jack sent sliding to the front of the pit!

Dicky had refuelled with petrol that was evilly tinged from dope, and now Plug braced above the tail to shove the engine into the race with a push-start. The hot engine refused to fire. He thrust the ton of streamlined steel for yards—body straining—heart all but bursting. Then came the bellow of the exhaust and the machine leaped away.

Plug reeled. His eyes were glazed under the wild effort, and he could hardly see the car as it went. But his sight cleared soon and, panting, he slumped against the front of the pit.

Something white in the grandstand opposite caught his eye. It was Chérisette. She was looking at him, and laughing.

Behind him he heard his pit manager grunting:

"Good work, Scaley! Seventy-eight seconds—fastest I've ever seen!"

And Chérisette was saying:

"Doesn't that dirty man look comic!"

* * *

THE race was almost run. Over many furious laps of the road circuit Plug had watched his driver give battle to the French car which held the lead, for Dicky to go in front on the last lap but one from the end.

Now Plug was tense before the pit, watching the sliding blur that was his car, scuttling towards him up the straightway to start its last lap—in the lead, with the Frenchman nowhere in sight. Plug was grinning. Dicky was going to pull it off—that meant a

The man in the cockpit . . . kicked and tossed by the gods of speed . . .

A STORY OF A GREAT ROAD RACE BY BARRÉ LYNDON

ENOUGH to KILL!

enner! And the tenner meant more han Dicky could ever guess.

The blur grew larger, then, sudenly, the machine edged towards the its—coming in!

Coming in when there was but one ap to go—it was like giving the race way!

Dust spurted from the wheels. Enine booming, brake-shoes screeching n their drums, the machine slithered nd stopped as Plug jumped towards .

"Clutch!" Dicky's open mouth was dry cavity in his dusty face. Clutch slipping!"

Plug stared, momentarily bewildered t the suddenness of the emergency. Mechanism was slipping, so that all he engine's power was not going to he back wheels. The car was losing peed!

"Petrol!—douse it! Move,. for eaven's sake!"

Dicky's voice came frantically, but lug knew that petrol would not help. e understood that clutch—knew its very spring and bolt—knew its steely hape. And he knew that there was ne sure way to make it hold!

He snatched a broad strap from the it-plank and dived head-first into e cockpit, shouting:

"I'll hold it in, sir!"

There came the juddering, smashing ellow of the French car as it rocketed ast and went into the lead. Dicky id not stop to argue—he guessed hat his mechanic meant to do.

The car shot off, screaming through s gears as Plug struggled down into he fuming, reeking depths of the hot ockpit, buckling the strap below the lutch pedal, then hauling on it with ll the strength he had, forcing the lutch home, stopping its slip.

ALREADY the car was bucking on the road under gathering speed as Dicky peered through the faint dust-haze at the blue achine getting away ahead, while he logged his engine for its last ounce of ower.

Below him, Plug wedged shoulders gainst the steel side of the cockpit, nd planted his feet where he could nd purchase. He felt his body slide s they braked for the corner at the nd of the straight, and the edge of he strap split his skin when Dicky icked at the pedal and changed down.

Plug heard the scrowl of tortured res while they took the curve. The ing of the car crashed his head gainst the instrument board above; he bumps of the torn road jarred his hole body.

They gathered speed again as he uddled there, muscles braced, while is brain was drilled by the piercing reech of the supercharger, and his earing was dulled under the shatterg blare of the engine.

He could see nothing of the achines abandoned at the roadside, heir fine mechanism cracked under he strain—or the two wrecks that ood with their smoke-blackened steel wisted and stark in the sunlight.

He could see only the taut strap and is driver's foot as they roared down straight with the car leaping in its ace—lifting off the road and smashg down again, battering him.

He had never known that there ould be so much jolting inside a car, much hammering and so much rain drugging noise—nor that a strap ould be so hard on a man's hands. must hang on. The strap reminded him; it was like holding the edge of a sword now—cutting his palm across.

But he wanted that tenner. He wanted it for Betty—and they'd catch the Frenchman, if he didn't let go!

His fume-dulled, shaken brain wandered. The cockpit turned to a constricted sphere of metal that was filled with all the world's noise; something that was being kicked and tossed by the gods of speed, and through it all came the pain where the strap bit his hand.

Broken thoughts flicked: that woman, she'd be laughing—but Betty wouldn't. Betty was being hurt—hurt more than this! Sound swelled over him, billowing, reaching to crescendo, rousing him momentarily, although he did not know what it meant.

He did not know they had caught the Frenchman.

He did not know that the two cars were holding together at two miles a minute—or that the Frenchman dropped behind.

He did not even know when the car stopped and Dicky looked down into the cockpit.

"All right, Plug—we've won!" he called.

Plug did not answer. But he was still holding the strap.

• • •

THE woman they called Chérisette presented the trophies to Dicky Boyd. Also, she kissed him on either cheek—and there were men who could have told him that her kisses had cost them more than all the money Dicky had won.

She did not kiss Plug.

She would not have kissed him even had she known that it was through him that the car was taken first past the flag. No one gave him a prize, and the only trophy he got was the deep scar that came when his hand was healed.

But Dicky gave him the tenner he had promised, and Plug started for home an hour after he was dragged out of the car. The tenner was going to make all the difference to Betty, because he felt in his soul that—it—had happened, although he had not been told, or wired.

On the other side of the Channel he found Betty in bed, with her baby snuggled close. He hid his hand, but he showed her the money, and she smiled.

• • •

So Chérisette did not kiss Plug.

No one cheered him.

For all his sweat and agony he got nothing, save the tenner—and he gave that to his wife.

What has a man like "Plug" Scaley got to live for?

Well, not women like Chérisette!

Next Week:

REUNION

By Cyril Landon

Race with "Silver Ring"

NOVEMBER PROBLEMS

Mr. A. K. Macomber, owner of the fine stayer Brumeux

THERE are three big problems for the racing man in November—the Derby Cup, the Manchester November Handicap and—fog. Fog is, perhaps, the most formidable of the trio, for it is apt to play ducks and drakes with backers' double event wagers.

You may bring off the first "leg" of the last big double of the season and a Manchester mist comes along automatically and cancels the bet. Since this happened to me a few years ago, I have advocated starting-price doubles when dealing with these particular races. If you spot the first winner and play up the £ s. d. it is immaterial if the November Handicap is abandoned.

I make out Salome, Brumeux and Haste Away as the pick of the Derby Cup entries, and Salaam, Nitsichin and Redeswood as a likely trio for Manchester's handicap. I will give black-lettered selections next week.

Polish Count (8 to 1) and Salome did Code followers a welcome turn last week. I trust we shall wind up the season with a flourish.

At Alexandra Park this week-end I suggest we follow the horses-for-courses theory once more. Welsh Dame did us a good turn some time back and may come up again in the Highgate Handicap. Sansolena likes the course and is my selection for the Autumn Cup.

For a third I put up Eugene, who may pop up at long odds.

JOHN BULL'S CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 29, to Wednesday, November 4.

P D C X Z H J S M L T A N G Q K
V B R E F I U O Y W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

H 96 O J C 97 96 R X would read INSURANCE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

S W X 98 2 97 would read OLETTA.

"SILVER RING"

Satisfaction in every puff—pleasure in their fragrance and aroma—that's why, when tired or "fed-up," I always light a Manikin — Little "kill-cares" I call 'em.

Manikins are made from the delicate tip leaves that grow at the top of the plant—the ripest; the sweetest; the most mellow of all. Yet Manikins are not expensive — 10d. buys 5, and your tobacconist will know you for a connoisseur when you ask him for a packet to-night.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

£ £ £ Millions £ £ £ won't buy happiness—
19/- can! A piano of perfect tone and appearance direct from the Boyd Factory, from as low as 19/- per month. *Write for Catalogue.*
Boyd Ltd., Dept. J, 19 Holborn, E.C.1.
BOYD PIANOS

FIRESIDE TIME is *Berkeley* time

5/- WITH ORDER for FREE DELIVERY in England & Wales

LOOSE COVERS from 15/-

Genuine Berkeleys can only be obtained at the addresses stated below.

NOW is the happy fireside time. Now for the long evenings when rest and comfort, slippers on the hearth, a book and a family circle are the most desirable things on earth. Make up your mind to install the Berkeley Home Model. Huge output and direct selling enable us to offer this quality Easy Chair at a bargain price. Soundly constructed throughout, it has a sturdy frame of best birch fitted with strong castors and is carefully upholstered with coppered-steel springs in seat and fibre stuffing. Coverings of attractive Damasks. Choose your own design from the patterns sent POST FREE. Send the coupon now.

The *Berkeley* HOME MODEL

FROM **37/6** or 5/- with order and balance 5/- monthly (No reduction for Cash)

Sold under our usual Guarantee

H. J. SEARLE & SON, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.)
70-78, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1
Showrooms: 133, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1; The Arcade, CROYDON; The Parade, WATFORD; 149, Becontree Avenue, CHADWELL HEATH; *and* 85, New Street, BIRMINGHAM.

COUPON Please send me, POST FREE, your illustrated Catalogue of all Models, together with PATTERNS of—
1. Upholstery Coverings. 2. Loose Covers.
(*Cross out Patterns NOT required.*)

Name.....

Address.....

(*John Bull*).....

IT MUST BE ROBOLEINE FOR THE CHILDREN THIS WINTER

Roboleine

THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

MAKES GLOWING CHEEKS BRIGHT EYES AND STURDY BODIES

The results obtained from Roboleine are described by mothers and doctors as marvellous. Children who are mere skin and bone instantly start to gain weight after a few doses. Lost appetites return, digestive troubles disappear, good red blood is made, firm flesh formed, and the improvement maintained until complete health is restored.

ONE SIZE ONLY

ROBOLEINE consists of BONE MARROW, CREAM OF MALT, YOLK OF EGG and neutralised LEMON JUICE. It contains all the essential vitamins deficient in ordinary diet and is equally beneficial to adult invalids and convalescents.

GENEROUS 12-DOSE SAMPLE
Opponheimer, Son & Co., Ltd., Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.

Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 3d. for posting and packing.

Name .....
Address .....
J.B.S. .....

"Fighting a desperate battle against leprosy." Here are victims of the scourge receiving medical attention at a Mission to Lepers settlement

The World SHADOW CABINET

MOST people know the League of Nations as a world committee to suppress war and the drug traffic, but they are not aware that behind this massive bulk of routine work lie dramas of mystery, tragedy and pathos which would supply material for an army of novelists.

Who, for instance, would suppose that in the year 1931 slave-owning and slave-trading are still flourishing in eight different countries, that children are still bartered like cattle, and that whole families are sold into bondage?

5,000,000 *in chains*

In Abyssinia alone there are two million slaves, and, according to Viscount Cecil, there are at least three million more outside it. The League is fighting a great battle to suppress the traffic.

For about half a century now nearly every country has made slavery illegal, but not until the League took a hand were any clear-cut efforts made to enforce the laws where slavery still existed.

Immediate attempts were made to get slave-ships treated as private vessels. Unfortunately, those attempts were unsuccessful. So to this day the slave-traders still swoop down on defenceless populations in Africa and South America and bear them off into captivity.

Take the amazing story of Liberia.

Liberia has for many years been a foster-child of the United States. Time and again it has got into financial difficulties, and America, like an indulgent papa, has paid up.

But in 1929 Liberia got into disgrace. News reached the U.S.A. that surreptitious slave-trading was being carried on by the Americo-Liberian officials who govern the country.

Child-pawning

When Uncle Sam sent a sharp note to the Liberian President, the officials denied the charges and invited an investigation. They were promptly taken at their word. The League appointed a commission, which went to Liberia and took statements from 260 different people.

The report was an appalling document.

It stated that the pawning of children was part of the social economy of the Republic. That Government officials, helped by the Frontier Force, were carrying on a wholesale business in forced labour for their private profit, thousands of wretched natives being shipped to Fernando Po to be sold into slavery. It also stated that one of the chief offenders was the President himself!

But in spite of the report and further sharp notes from America little has yet been done by the Liberian officials except to punish the witnesses.

Even more difficult than the task of liberating men, women and children from slavery is that of dealing with refugees.

In 1926, as the result of the Turkish advance, Greece suddenly found herself saddled with 1,200,000 refugees, nearly all of them destitute. It was as if Great Britain were to have an army of 12,000,000 unemployed thrust upon her. Greece at once sent an urgent message for help to the League.

Dr. Nansen, one of the great figures of the century, dealt with the Greek refugees on behalf of the League. In face of incredible difficulties, he kept the starving million alive, settled them in dozens of different parts of the world, housed, clothed, fed and doctored them, and got them to work.

Dr. Nansen's death was a great loss to the world, but in his closing years he crowned a great career with a splendid accomplishment.

The world's doctor, too

In the meantime other activities were undertaken on an international scale. Chosen experts reorganised the entire medical services of countries such as Greece, Bulgaria and Czecho-Slovakia, and struck a shrewd blow at infectious diseases in the Far East by devising a scheme whereby cases of major infection on board approaching ships are wirelessed from 150 ports.

At the present moment the League is fighting a desperate battle against leprosy. The world is in disarray against this dreaded scourge. A visiting commission sent out by the League found that the leper laws and regulations of different countries are at sixes and sevens.

Some states have leper laws, some have none, and some send their unfortunate lepers into perpetual banishment. Efforts are being made to get Chinese and other doctors trained in Europe, and to organise a world campaign to stamp out leprosy for ever.

Air that isn't free

Other special diseases which the League is fighting are malaria—which kills more people in India than all the other diseases put together—sleeping sickness in Africa, and trachoma, which in some countries attacks the eyes of 90 per cent. of the population.

A short time ago an Englishman living in Switzerland and owning a private aeroplane, found, to his amazement, that he could not get it registered because the law only allowed for the registration of machines belonging to Swiss citizens.

This is the sort of difficulty which the Air Section of the League is trying to remove in its attempts to develop civil aviation.

Its task is enormously difficult and complicated because many countries are extremely suspicious of foreign machines flying over their territories. Some countries only allow native aircraft to operate, and others insist on a native pilot being carried by machines which cross their frontiers.

Fair play for women

A further check on flying is the peculiar difficulties of air insurance. Owing to lack of international agreement commercial machines are obliged to take out policies in their home country, the country to which they are flying, and all countries over which they will pass *en route*.

The League is trying to overcome these problems, and also to organise permanent air routes and link up road, rail and water transport with flying.

The nationality of married women is another question which is being most carefully considered.

Twenty years ago, the world over, women automatically assumed the nationality of their husbands. To-day, thirteen countries have amended their laws, so that half the world lives under laws recognising the independent nationality of women.

The League is also deeply concerned with international crooks, particularly forgers of currencies. There is a plan to set up a central police information bureau, in which full records of the world's most dangerous criminals will be kept, and whence information can be wirelessed to the police of any country at a moment's notice.

Education to smuggling

Deep sea fishing raises many questions calling for international agreement. The problem of the moment is how to save the whale from total extinction.

Even now the story of the League's work is scarcely begun. There is the whole field of education and finance, and what is called "intellectual co-operation"; there is road traffic and smuggling of alcohol, the psychology of the kinema, the insurance of countries against national disasters and a score of other branches.

Every year the field enlarges. Man has set his hand to a task which our grandfathers would have thought was frankly impossible, and where it will lead him is utterly beyond the power of human prophecy.

TOOL OUTFIT THAT PAYS FOR ITSELF

WITH A Governor Tool Outfit you will be able to do all kinds of jobs about the house—make all kinds of useful articles and fitments—and turn your leisure hours into pleasure hours. Each set is complete and includes a FREE book of instructions in amateur carpentry and home repairs. The tools are most conveniently arranged in either a handsome, polished solid oak cabinet or a strong, handy chest with movable tray.

YOURS FOR A FEW SHILLINGS DOWN: OVER 50 ALL-BRITISH TOOLS IN SOLID OAK CABINET (OR HANDY CHEST)

Either Outfit on 7 DAYS FREE TRIAL

YOU WILL definitely save pounds every year on "odd jobs" and repairs. Hundreds of men have written to us in enthusiastic strain, telling how their Governor Tool Outfit has given them the joy of being wood-wise and at the same time put money in their pockets every week. Not one of these people has omitted to say that it is certain the outfit will pay for itself within a very short while. If you are not a handyman yourself (every man is really instinctively so) why not get one for your son?

Every tool is fully guaranteed. This guarantee is backed by the name John Shaw & Sons, Wolverhampton, with 136 years' reputation for the highest quality goods. You can have this fine outfit NOW, in either cabinet or chest, for only a few shillings down. The first thing to do is to fill in the coupon for a copy of our FREE BOOK. This book has been specially prepared for the coming months to assist all householders to maintain economy in the home and reduce household expenses, and to give interest to those long dull winter evenings. It's a book well worth having and it's quite free—post the coupon NOW.

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IN SOLID OAK CABINET OR STRONG AND HANDY CHEST WITH MOVABLE TRAY.

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Send us the attached coupon for a large photographic reproduction of the outfit and an interesting illustrated booklet "How to Make and How to Mend," specially produced for craftsmen, handymen, and amateur woodworkers. To ensure getting copies of this literature post coupon to us as soon as possible. Fill it in now before you forget.

SEND NOW FOR FREE BOOKLET

Fill up and post this coupon in ½d. stamped envelope (unsealed):

To JOHN SHAW & SONS, Wolverhampton, LTD.,
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Please send me, postage paid, your Free Booklet and Photographic Reproduction. (Write plainly in Block letters.)

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Issued by the House of Fry

4 FOODS IN 1

A DELICIOUS **NEW** FOOD DRINK

Not got your free sample yet? What a chance you're missing! A generous supply of a glorious new drink is yours for the asking, and it is well worth asking for. Not only will you find it a most delicious and comforting drink; you will find it swiftly doing you good, for Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs is much more than a drink—it's a food. In fact, it is four foods in one—an energy-building meal that you'll thoroughly enjoy.

THESE FOUR FOODS *Milk* for nourishment and strength. *Malt* to aid digestion and convert starchy foods into energy. *Eggs* to build muscle and bone for you. *Cocoa* to keep out the cold and soothe your nerves. What food could be more natural, more clearly suited to your needs than this? Nature's own foods concentrated, balanced and blended to make a delicious invigorating drink.

RELIEF FOR DELICATE DIGESTIONS Even people who usually have to be careful what they eat can tackle Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with confidence, and find it very simple to digest.

A MEAL IN THREE MINUTES Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs—a meal in itself—is as simple to prepare as a cup of tea.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT

FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA WITH EGGS

7½ PER ½-lb. 1/2 PER ½-lb.

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FREE SAMPLE OFFER

J. S. FRY & SONS, Ltd.,
Malted Milk Dept. 8,
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PIN your 1½d. stamp to the coupon here *Do not* stick *it on.*

Please send me a large free sample tin of Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs. I have pinned 1½d. in stamps to this coupon to cover cost of packing and postage.

Name .....
(Please write all words in BLOCK LETTERS)

Address.....

Town .....

J.B. 31/10/31

County ..... *(Post in a sealed envelope, using 1½d. stamp.)*

Sleet and Cold Winds *cannot harm a* WELL-CARED-FOR DOG

YOUR dog should now be growing his winter coat and its quality depends entirely on the purity of his blood. His natural blood correctives are beyond his reach, and unless you condition him *now* his coat will be thin and poor.

If you follow the advice of experienced Breeders and give your dog Bob Martin's tasteless Condition Powders, he will then grow such a dense coat as will keep his body warm and dry even in sleet and biting winds, and he will not trouble you with a cough or wheeze the whole winter.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders purify the blood and tone up the whole system curing *and preventing* all ailments due to poor blood condition such as *Loose Coat, Loss of Appetite, Lustlessness, Excessive Scratching, Eczema and Swellings between the Toes.*

For your dog's sake always keep a packet handy.

There are 9 (nine) powders in the sixpenny packets and 18 in the shilling boxes—from dog biscuit shops, chemists and bag stores. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin, Ltd., Southport, Eng.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS **CONDITION POWDERS**

CORNS

Lift Off—No Pain

Drop a little 'Freezone' Corn Remover on that painful corn or callous. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you can lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit. You can end every hard corn, soft corn, corn between toes or callous in the same quick, easy way. Ask your chemist or any branch of Boots', Taylor's or Timothy White's for a 1/3 bottle of 'Freezone' Corn Remover (3 'Freezone' Corn Rings included free in every package).

A COURT of— LAST HOPES

The Lord Chief Justice, who, with two other judges, heard the appeal of a condemned man—.

—and William Herbert Wallace, stepped out of the Appeal Court a free man

IN the rabbit-warren of chambers and corridors which make up the Royal Courts of Justice, in the Strand, London, is a court-room which, upon its outside wall, bears an inscription reading "Court of Criminal Appeal."

It is not, however, in this rather poky apartment that the Court of Criminal Appeal, before which Lord Kylsant is to make a final attempt to vindicate his character, conducts its sittings. Invariably, criminal appeals are heard in the spacious court of the Lord Chief Justice, the largest in the building.

The explanation of this fact is of arresting interest to all who respect British justice.

Then—no last chance

It is only since 1908 that a man or woman convicted upon a serious criminal charge has had the right to appeal.

Amazing as it may seem, the position till then was that one citizen suing another for a £10 note might, if defeated in the County Court, carry his case to the King's Bench Division, to the Court of Appeal, or even to the House of Lords, but that an accused person sentenced to long years of penal servitude, or even to death upon the scaffold, had the right only to one single trial.

The verdict of the jury condemning him and the penalty awarded by the judge—who might be no more than an amateur chairman of quarter sessions—were alike irrevocable, unless the Home Secretary advised the Sovereign that the sentence should be altered or annulled.

When the Court of Criminal Appeal was at last set up it was argued, even by experienced lawyers, that the whole scheme was a waste of public time and money, and that the new tribunal would find little or no work to do.

Hangman's rope cut

This is why it was at first housed in one of the smallest apartments in the Law Courts. Very quickly, however, it was discovered that the volume of business coming to the Criminal Appeal Court would far outstrip this scanty accommodation.

Now, after twenty-three years, the number of criminal appeals has grown to such dimensions as severely to tax the time and industry of the judges.

What is more, the proportion of these appeals which succeed is large enough to make it certain that, before 1908, many innocent persons must have been sent to jail, and even to the gallows, through the absence of any machinery for bringing their cases to the notice of the Supreme Court.

The country will not soon recover from the shock it received last May, when William Herbert Wallace, a respected Liverpool insurance agent, convicted and sentenced to death at the local Assizes for the alleged murder of his wife, was set free by the Court of Criminal Appeal, because, in the words of the Lord Chief Justice, the charge against him had "not been proved with that certainty which is necessary in order to justify a verdict of guilty."

Before 1908, Mr. Wallace would almost certainly have been hanged. Dramatic as was this episode, however, it stands by no means alone in showing the precious value of the right of criminal appeal.

Their power is limited

Not long before, in the course of a single day, the Appeal Court judges reduced a sentence of five years' penal servitude, for the theft of eighteenpence from a church money-box, to one of nine months' hard labour; cut down the terrible penalty of twelve years' penal servitude for felonious wounding to one of five years; and entirely quashed the conviction and sentence of a man convicted for bigamy against whom, as Lord Hewart remarked, there was "really not one scrap of valid evidence."

Nevertheless, the powers of the Court of Criminal Appeal are restricted.

It is a mistake, for instance, to imagine, as many people do, that the Appeal Court judges have the power to try cases coming before them all over again, to act as a sort of superior jury, and to substitute their own view of the facts for that arrived at in the court below.

The sole ground upon which they can set aside a jury's verdict, unless it was reached after some legal misdirection by the judge at the earlier trial, is that the verdict was so utterly opposed to the weight of evidence, or that there was so little evidence of any kind against the prisoner, that no jury in their right senses could conceivably have arrived at such a verdict.

But the Court does *not* re-try the case, as is too often assumed.

There is perhaps more misunderstanding upon this head than upon any other point in the varied procedure of the Court of Criminal Appeal.

Some few persons may perhaps be unaware that the Appeal Judges have power not simply to reduce sentences, but to increase them, and that they have more than once exercised it.

It may seem a little unsporting, if not unjust, to penalise a man who takes a chance in this way, but the idea, of course, is to discourage prisoners, who must know that they have got no more than they deserved, from wasting public time and money.

Upon the whole, though, it must be said that the Criminal Appeal Court has worked fairly and humanely, enhancing the world-wide prestige of British justice.

As a rule the Court consists of three judges, but there was a case not long ago when as many as fourteen of them sat to decide whether a man twenty-three years and a few months old remained legally at the age of twenty-three until he reached his twenty-fourth birthday, or whether he ceased to be twenty-three as soon as he had passed his twenty-third.

The point was of vital importance under a certain clause relating to offences against girls in the last Criminal Law Amendment Act.

Money enters not

Among the more rarely exercised powers of the Court of Criminal Appeal is its right to set up a medical commission of enquiry into the state of a prisoner's mind, to hear evidence available since he was convicted which might have altered the jury's verdict. When requested by the Home Secretary, in murder cases, they advise him as to the exercise of the Royal prerogative of mercy.

There is distinguishing merit in this Court. An application by a prisoner costs him nothing in the shape of court fees. The doorway of this lofty tribunal is the only legal portal in the kingdom where no toll-gate bars the way.

SKIN Sufferers!

—Here's the Best Piece of NEWS for YEARS!

To *all* who suffer from relentless PAIN and ITCHING —from unsightly RASH or SORES—from stubborn ULCERS or BAD LEGS—from BLEMISHED COMPLEXIONS that shame you in public—from ANY sort of Skin Trouble; there is a definite promise of *real relief, to-day;* now and *for good!*

UGLY SPOTS

BAD LEGS

UNSIGHTLY RASH

PAINFUL SORES

Germolene gives

Brand Ointment

RELIEF IN ONE MINUTE

No matter how "hopeless" you think your case is—no matter what else you've tried—we challenge you to make this test. Go straight to the nearest chemist NOW, and pay fifteen pennies for a small tin of **Germolene Brand ASEPTIC Ointment.** The first dressing soothes! Within a minute of your smoothing on the sweet, cool cream, ITCHING dies away, PAIN goes . . . for good and all. The wonderful ASEPTIC action (painlessly pushing out all Poisons and Germs) is just as quick in its way too. In a very short time your skin is well on the way to healthy healing—smooth and clear, without a scar! What other treatment offers you all this? Don't DELAY—for the tiniest scratch or the ugliest ulcer—get relief with wonderful ASEPTIC Germolene Ointment TO-DAY!

IMPETIGO

"Germolene Ointment has banished a really bad attack of Impetigo. I tried several remedies with no benefit till I bought a tin of Germolene Ointment. The soothing and healing powers were wonderful! I can now shave again, and there is absolutely no mark left—completely healed with only one tin!" Mr. A. Nelson, 14, Gotha Street, Ardwick, Manchester.

ULCERS

"I was in pain for no less than fourteen years with my Bad Leg. Every kind of special treatment I tried failed. . . . I was in despair. Then at last I tried Germolene Ointment—with wonderful results! It has healed my leg right up!" Mrs. J. L. Lambert, 2, Stanley Terrace, Stanley Lane End, Wakefield.

ECZEMA

"I am writing to say how pleased I am at the wonderful relief Germolene Ointment has brought me from ECZEMA. After trying all kinds of treatment for TWELVE YEARS, nothing having done me any good, I tried Germolene Ointment. Just FOUR BOXES did the trick!" Mrs. Thos. Lusha, High St., Tittleshall, King's Lynn.

BURNS & CUTS

"My child had a bad burn that would not yield to treatment; then I tried Germolene Ointment and it HEALED IMMEDIATELY. Since then he cut his hand in an accident and that commenced to heal directly I bound it up with Germolene Ointment." Mrs. D. Mary Miall, 2, Broadway Down, Tunbridge Wells.

SCALDS

"I scalded my foot rather badly with boiling water. . . . The pain was unbearable, and though I tried many kinds of remedies, I found little or no relief. Then I used Germolene Ointment, which gave me ease in the first few minutes; one box at 1/3 put me right without any pain." H. Doe, 64, Edge Green, Golborne.

SORES

"My little girl has had NASTY SORES for 3 months, and nothing I tried would heal them up. Then I got Germolene Ointment, and after the first dressing they looked better; now they are quite healed up, in just over 2 weeks. It's a treat to see her without bandages again."—Mrs. E. Bateman, 8, The Terrace, Iffley, Oxford.

Use **Germolene** *Ointment for*

ULCERS, PILES, ECZEMA, RASH, RINGWORM, BAD LEGS, PSORIASIS, and All Skin Troubles.

1/3 & 3/- All Chemists

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT.

The **HACKNEY PLAN** FOR *Safety* IN FURNISHING

"I never had a moment's anxiety about my home!

—IT IS STILL INTACT ALTHOUGH WE PAID NOTHING ON THE FURNITURE DURING 12 MONTHS' ILLNESS!"

BESIDES offering the finest Value in Quality Furniture, The Hackney Plan provides FREE a complete Home Insurance **Guaranteed by the Eagle Star Insurance Co., Ltd.,** which includes:

IN ILLNESS or ACCIDENT your instalments are paid for you. No arrears to make good afterwards—no risk of losing any part of your home, however long your illness.

IN EVENT OF DEATH your dependents not only keep the Furniture with nothing more to pay, but receive a Cheque for half the total instalments paid.

IN EVENT OF FIRE, Burglary, Housebreaking, or Larceny, we make good all damage or loss.

NO DEPOSIT. **FREE DELIVERY** on first payment — **LINOS** and **CARPETS LAID FREE—RAIL FARES ALLOWED** on orders over £20. *Satisfaction Guaranteed on all orders by Post.*

The **"BRISTOL" THREE-PIECE SUITE.**

Drop-end Settee, 4 ft. 9 in. overall, of comfortable depth and width. Two roomy Easy Chairs, well-sprung, in a wide choice of designs in soft-toned Tapestry or Damask.

Patterns sent free on request.

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YOU PAY ONLY 10/- MONTHLY for EVERY £20 WORTH OF HACKNEY FURNITURE

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Please send me your BUNDLE OF BARGAINS, Illustrated Catalogue and full information about your Free Insurance Plan and Deferred Terms. *(Please write in block letters)*

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Enclose in unsealed ½d. stamped envelope. J.B. 110

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Go to an OPTICIAN who displays this SIGN

The optician who displays the above sign is on the Register of the JOINT COUNCIL OF QUALIFIED OPTICIANS (J.C.Q.O.) and he holds the diploma of either the British Optical Association or the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers.

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INSURED PERSONS HAVE FREE CHOICE OF OPTICIAN. You are not compelled, although you may be strongly urged, to obtain your spectacles through a clinic or (except in certain cases) to consult an Ophthalmic Surgeon. You go at your own convenience to any optician who displays the J.C.Q.O. sign, and he will advise you whether you require medical treatment.

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Belmont

Now for the Little Elections

A VOTE FOR HOME AND HEARTH

A triumph of the City Fathers—a classroom in a Birmingham elementary school. Two sides of the room can be opened to give the children as much light and air as if they were sitting in a meadow

ONCE more the municipal elections are approaching, and again—if the attitude of past years may be cited as criterion—only about one-third of the total electorate will trouble to turn out to the polls.

This is a pity because all over the country the voluntary committees that compose municipal government are manned by self-respecting men and women doing an enormous amount of unpaid work in face of much discouragement.

Times are exceptionally difficult and, in common gratitude if for no other reason, everyone in possession of a municipal vote ought to recognise this at the polls.

They are the people who steadily forward the social services in the face of terrible odds and do for our less fortunate neighbours what no country has ever before attempted.

We all know the little bit of municipal work that hits us personally. We know whether our borough keeps its roads in good repair, and whether or not the dust-carts are doing their job efficiently.

The youngest voter knows the state of the municipal tennis courts and whether the council allows kinemas and children's swings in the public playgrounds to operate on Sunday.

The town oracle

But it is more than doubtful if there is general appreciation of the more spiritual work that in thoroughly practical ways is going on to-day in every group of corporation offices.

There is an intersected network of services that literally caters for the child from the cradle to the day when he or she reaches maturity.

A town clerk is not the aloof individual the uninitiated suppose. He is willing, even anxious, to help enquirers.

He will advise as to suitable factory sites, give details of the town's facilities, its imports and exports and the volume of its home trade, as well as direct the humblest resident in his house-hunting.

Most important to every citizen is the wide-flung work of the public health departments.

Take Birmingham as one outstanding instance. The municipality employs a chief medical officer with two assistant medical officers, ten whole-time doctors and twenty-one part-time doctors. In addition are one hundred and four health visitors, besides huge staffs employed at the various clinics, hospitals and other health agencies under municipal control.

Forty sanitary inspectors investigate complaints, inspect houses, bring to book irresponsible landlords, see that abuses are remedied and dirt removed, and ensure a pure water supply.

The fact that these armies must be paid to maintain these magnificent services takes nothing from the devoted and unpaid labours of the men and women we elect to direct them.

What goes on in Birmingham is typical, in varying degrees, in every town that owns a corporation.

Cots for tots

Artificial sunlight treatment is given to mothers and children who need it. Maternity and convalescent homes for mothers have been established. The weakly have sanatorium care. The mentally afflicted and the physically unfit have each their special institutions for specialised treatment.

Leeds, with 80,211 children in her 138 elementary schools, spends £812,066 per annum, and £405,286 on higher education. The total is rising, in spite of hard times, and about half of the amount comes from local rates.

In some infant schools, children remain for dinner so that they may be properly nourished. They learn to set tables, eat nicely, wash up, and are taught to wash themselves, brush their teeth and comb their hair, before lying down in little cots for the mid-day rest.

Those who come dirty from home are bathed before lessons begin.

Scholarships to secondary schools place young feet on the first rung of an educational ladder that reaches up to the universities and beyond. If there are gaps to be filled in adult education, the municipal librarians stand ready with guidance in the selection of books.

The Central Reference Library in Nottingham, for instance, contains a comprehensive collection of 1,803 volumes, representing every phase of thought.

Sheffield Corporation is responsible for the control of over 11,000 houses, 9,815 of which it has erected since 1919 under State Assisted Schemes. It intends, during the next financial year, to build 2,000 small houses; 500 of these will be used to rehouse people turned out of insanitary areas.

King Kiddie

The municipalities provide parks, golf courses, transport, light, heat and power.

This is a tremendous consideration for every elector, but always we come back to the child as the central pivot of municipal interest.

In London there are one thousand elementary schools with approximately 630,000 scholars.

A voluntary care committee ensures that no hungry child shall go without food. They see to it that every child in need of medical or surgical help shall have it. They insist that no one leaving school shall go in ignorance of the possibilities his own district affords in the way of suitable employment, further education and social recreation.

The children are considered in the light of their home environment and any possibility of improvement is seized upon. The care committees know that home conditions for the child often make the present dim. They work to make the future of the child bright with hope.

Leisure hours, often the greatest source of evil and the ground for temptation, are catered for the most actively of all.

An eloquent X

Conferences, which the child can attend *with* his parents, are held to give help and advice both as to remunerative and improvement occupations. If he wishes to continue learning, he is given a card of free admission to an evening institute.

There are not wanting those who noisily decry all home institutions and are always ready to laud the arrangements in other countries. A careful survey of the wonderful achievements of our voluntary workers on city and town councils and municipal committees would repay every elector.

It would bring a larger number of electors to the booths on polling day, and papers would be marked with gratitude and understanding, as well as the all-important X.

HERE'S A BARGAIN

Cash the Coupons and get a JOHN BULL Pen, fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, at a big saving. Turn to JOHN BULL'S great New Pen Offer on Page 34.

£50 in CASH PRIZES

for smokers of Imperial OLD BRUYERE —pipes

FIRST PRIZE . . £20
30 PRIZES . £1 EACH

HERE is another big chance for smokers to win a Cash Prize. By writing your last line to the Imperial Limerick below and fulfilling the simple conditions, you may win. —Enter to-day.

Said a canny young Scot, full of glee,
An "Imperial's" the right pipe for me;
A briar sweet as honey
And the best for the money

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

1 Write your *last line* on a piece of paper bearing your name and address.

2 Give date of purchase of your new IMPERIAL Old Bruyere.

3 Give name and address of tobacconist from whom you bought it.

Remember it is a condition of entry that you have bought a new IMPERIAL Old Bruyere after October 1st, 1931. Post before November 14th to "Limerick K," The Civic Co., Ltd., London, W.6.

Made and Guaranteed by
THE CIVIC COMPANY, LTD.
The largest Manufacturers of Pipes in the World.

A Wonderful Pipe for the Money!

2/6

100 shapes to choose from

Obtainable from all Tobacconists and Stores.

The Children get a 'taste-thrill' from Rowntree's Cocoa

"..and because they like the flavour, they get all the nourishment," SAY THE DOCTORS

MODERN dietitians and doctors say that children must like what they eat before they can derive full benefit from it. Give them something with a pleasant flavour and they will digest it so easily and perfectly that they will extract much more of the nourishment.

Among children, Rowntree's is called "the cocoa with the nice 'chocolaty' flavour." They like it, they drink it with real enjoyment because of the flavour. Rowntree's Cocoa is easily digested and all its rich nourishment is released at once. As a food drink for children either at meals or between meals it is excellent. And it is just as popular with the grown-ups, too.

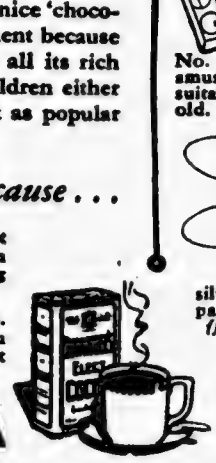
but IT MUST BE ROWNTREE'S *because . . .*

It tastes like chocolate. Rowntree's Cocoa has fine full flavour that the children call 'chocolaty.' It is most palatable.

It's definitely nourishing. The food value of Rowntree's Cocoa is very high. Doctors recommend it for children.

It's easy to make. You just pour boiling water straight on to the cocoa and sugar, stirring briskly.

And economical. From a ½-lb. tin of Rowntree's Cocoa you can get 30 cups of cocoa, at less than a farthing a cup.



ROWNTREE'S COCOA

3 *Free Gift Coupons in every ½-lb. Tin*

★ Write now

TO ROWNTREE'S, GIFT DEPT. H3, YORK

for free Gift Booklet *illustrating* 140 *gifts*

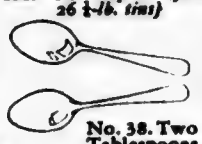
No. 111. Rowntree's famous Gift Casket containing assortment of Rowntree's chocolates and confectionery. 48 *coupons (from 16 ½-lb. tins)*

No. 52. Powder Compact Case, containing dainty face powder puff and mirror. 63 *coupons (from 21 ½-lb. tins)*

No. 57. Boy's Football, made of good cowhide leather, machine sewn. 225 *coupons (from 75 ½-lb. tins)*

No. 154. Child's Toy Punch. 81 *coupons (from 27 ½-lb. tins)*

No. 152. Skittles — an amusing indoor game, suitable for young and old. 78 *coupons (from 26 ½-lb. tins)*



No. 38. Two Tablespoons in best nickel silver, Old English pattern. 66 *coupons (from 22 ½-lb. tins)*

No. 87. Two fancy fringed Towels, 24 in. x 48 in. 102 *coupons (from 34 ½-lb. tins)*

SAVE *your coupons from* **ROWNTREE'S Cocoa** *and* **Jellies**

£1,500

Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 136

In the above Competition correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £500 will be despatched.

Mrs. B. Woolcock, 4a, Havelock Road, Hastings.

R. Agar, 21, Ford Street, Burnley.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, November 10th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 23 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £2 3s. 6d.

Aitchison, E. R., 60, Burnside Rd., Chadwell Heath; Amy, C., 70, Ashley Rd., Hornsey Rise, N.; Atkins, Miss L., 7, Domestic Terr., Domestic St., Holbeck, Leeds; Bartlett, F., 4, Great Percy St., W.C.1; Curtis, Mrs. B., 33, Munsbro Lane, Grimsbro', Rotherham; Davies, Mrs. V. M., 14, Clifton Cres., Aberaman, Aberdare; Fabb, E., 91, Bloomfield Rd., Plumstead, S.E.18; Farrar, Mrs., 61, Lune St., Copster Hill, Oldham; Gay, A., Burnham, Albany Cres., Clayvate; Gibson, D. N., 2, Penn St., Birmingham; Irwin, Miss E., 61, Front St., Sherburn, Durham; Mablen, Mrs., 114, Rectory Rd., Ipswich; Marple, W. H., 69, Rosefield Rd., Smethwick, Staffs; Maxwell, T., 10, Vicarage Terr., Eccles, Manchester; Ray, Mrs. H., 10, Saugreaves St., Leigh, Lancs; Rushton, Mrs., New Laithes, Newton, Clitheroe, Lancs.; Summers, J., 8, Wool Av., Ipplepen, Purfleet; Telford, M/s D., 61, College Rd., Maidstone; Tuck, M/s M., Outwell, Wisbech, Cambs; Turner, M/s E., Glenthorne House, Studley, Warwicks; Van Santen, A., 152, Lancaster Rd., Notting Hill, W.11; Willis, S. G., 33, Clinton St., St. Thomas, Exeter; Wood, Mrs., M., 19, Rawlinson St., Carlin How, Yorks.

Another Splendid X-Word with a £750 First Prize and £50 to be divided between the runners-up appears on page 32. In addition to these splendid prizes an extra award of a Plump Xmas Turkey will be sent to every winner in this contest. Try Your Skill Now.

SHARP'S GOLDEN SUPER TOFFEE

Holbrook's

Worcestershire SAUCE

Keeps Husbands Happy.

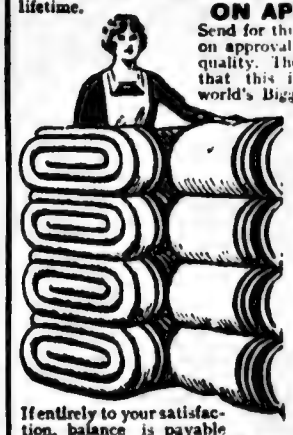
Yours for 2/- DOWN

BUY DIRECT SAVE MONEY

ONLY 35/- for EIGHT BLANKETS—an absolutely unheard-of price. Guaranteed perfect in quality. Heavy-weight Imperial Blankets, bordered and whipped edges. Will wear a lifetime.

ON APPROVAL

Send for this Blanket Bale on approval. See the rich quality. There is no doubt that this is one of the world's Biggest Bargains.



The Whole Bale of 8 Blankets sent on receipt of the first Deposit of 2/-.

An Unequalled Offer.

If entirely to your satisfaction, balance is payable 2/6 fortnightly until 37/6 is paid. Full cash within 7 days, 35/- only.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 616), 94-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, S.E.5.

"Winter always brought back Bronchitis until—

I tried Vick brand Vapour-Rub," says Mrs. Morris. "Denzil got relief from the first application. Now Vick comes to the rescue at the first sign of a cough."

If used promptly, Vick brand Vapour-Rub almost always checks a cold before serious complications can develop.

Being used externally, it cannot upset children's stomachs, as too much "dosing" so often does.

Simple external treatment brings quick relief.

Just rubbed on the throat and chest, Vick brand Vapour-Rub has a twofold action: (1) through the skin, like a poultice; (2) vaporized by the body-warmth, its healing ingredients are breathed into the inflamed air-passages.

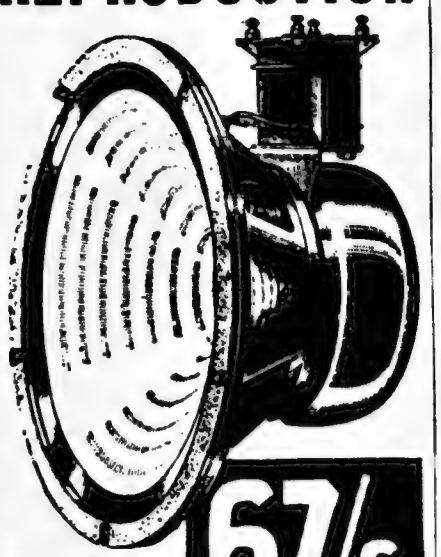
Most colds yield overnight to this pleasant twofold treatment.

Regular size now only 2/–, half size 1/3, at all chemists.

VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Checks Colds In 2 Ways at Once

MOVING COIL REPRODUCTION



The M.C.6 UNIT 67/6

This Permanent Magnet, Moving Coil Unit does not require a high powered set to work it, since it is equally as sensitive as a good balanced armature model. It operates equally well with standard 2, 3 or 4 valve receivers, and the matching transformer, fitted as standard, enables it to be correctly matched to any output.

Also in Oak Cabinet ... ... £5 : 10 : 0
In Walnut Cabinet ... ... £5 : 19 : 6
or on deferred terms.

AMPLION

GRAHAM AMPLION LTD.,
26, Savile Row, LONDON, W.1.

royds

THE BOX-NUMBER DON JUAN—

He wooed a widow for love of a wife!

A YEAR ago I had been so long unemployed that I was really becoming desperate. I had a wife and one child and I had looked everywhere for work, always in vain. I was by trade an experienced motor-driver.

I was particularly depressed when I picked up an evening newspaper and noticed the following advertisement in the "personal" column. "Middle-aged lady with some means would like to meet a refined man." I tore the thing out and carried it about turning the matter over and over in my mind. The wording "some means" tempted me.

I make no attempt to excuse the meanness of my action (except that I was nearly insane with worry) when I decided to answer that box number. I represented myself as a single man, out of work, and desperately anxious to find a job. I asked the lady to meet me to discuss the matter.

TWO days later I had the answer arranging a meeting at a very quiet, select café in the City. She seemed to like me, and I—well! I agreed to see her again at her own home for a much more intimate talk. She was a widow, owned the nice little house she lived in, and had an income of £300 a year.

She suggested that we should have a weekly meeting for, say, the period of three months, and then decide whether to carry the friendship further. I knew that she meant marriage, but I agreed with alacrity.

I did, however, explain that unless I could get a job and a good one, marriage would be the furthest thing from my thoughts. She smiled, and said she would see what she could do.

Within six weeks she had used her influence to such good effect that I was given a good job with a firm with whom she had interests. I have kept it ever since. The money ranges from £5 to £7 a week.

It has restored happiness and peace to my home. My good wife is beaming and has already begun to save, but she little dreams of the sword of Damocles hanging over my head. The single hair by which it is suspended is my promise to marry the widow so soon as I should be well on my feet.

This I have been for some time, and the woman has been pressing me to fix the wedding date, and my benefactress has given her ultimatum that unless we are married within the next six weeks she will finish with me, since at her age, she is in "no mood to be played with."

If she is "jilted" she intends to sue me for breach of promise. What troubles me, since such an action could only bring laughter to the lady, is not breach of promise but loss of my job. For there is no doubt about her influence with my employers. They would drop me like a hot brick and that would expose everything before my wife and lose her love for me—yet I can truthfully say that it was my love for her and our child that led me to do it.

"HUMANIST" says: I think you have not told me the whole story. In any case, you have behaved like a cad, and but for your wife and child, you might well be left to suffer the consequences. For their sake, however, confess the whole truth to the woman you have deceived. She may forgive you, since women are sometimes the most forgiving creatures in the world, and let you keep your job. She may also, and quite rightly, blame herself for being such a fool as to advertise in the way she did.

Human Documents

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

THE Bad-Luck Baby

MAY and Florrie, aged nine and seven, have a most unfortunate baby brother, who is two and a half years old.

When he was six months old, he contracted pneumonia and measles, and the poultice which was applied for the child's relief, by some misadventure, was too hot and badly burned his little body. A skin disease broke out, and when he was in hospital undergoing a cure he caught chicken-pox, and was packed off to another hospital.

After his mother had him home again he developed whooping-cough and, later, had to attend hospital twice daily for an abscess to be dressed. Now he is ill again with pneumonia.

This continued ill-health of their little son has entailed a heavy drain on his parents' slender means. His father, after a long period of unemployment (and he was not eligible for unemployment pay), has secured a short temporary job at 1s. an hour.

"The children don't go short of food," said their mother; "but me and their dad have to. They have no boots, and we have left ourselves with one sheet. I have sold clothes and all I could to get them food, and the insurance is running up. I have been queer myself with tonsilitis."

Their dad is an ex-Service man, whose pension has now been discontinued.

Will our readers help this family?

All donations, whether intended for this family or to meet the heavy calls on the Fund from all directions, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged by post where names and addresses are given.

SON-HATE

—a mother's awful fear

I MARRIED my husband when he was a soldier on active service in the middle of the war. A year later a son was born to us, and from the first moment of seeing this child my husband seemed to take a positive dislike to him.

In other respects my husband is quite a good man, but he has a quick temper and an exceedingly bitter tongue. This he vents first on me and then on the boy until both our lives are misery. Nothing the boy can do is right.

My husband refused to let him join the Boy Scouts. He wouldn't let him go to Sunday School with neighbours' children. This isolation preyed on the boy's spirits. Now he sulks.

Often, when we have had an extra miserable evening the boy has sobbed to me "You wait until I'm old enough; and I'll kill that man, see if I don't." Of course, when that happens I tell him not to say such wicked things.

Now my son is at work, big and strong for his age. He is already a bigger and stronger man than his father, and he has inherited the same hasty temper, and even more so. I just dread the look in his eyes when, after a row, he scowls at his father. Yet, the older he grows, the more bitter and unreasonable his father's scoldings become.

My dread is greatest when his father stays out at his club on pay-nights. At such times he is apt to come home the worse for drink, and my awful fear is that if the boy follows this example and their wills should clash while both are in that condition it will come to blows.

I watch and tremble. Over me there always hangs this shadow of horror over our home.

"HUMANIST" says: You have a very difficult problem before you, but the fact that your husband and son are both good men at heart will certainly help you to solve it.

You should speak to them openly and beg them, for your sake, to keep the peace. But if the clash of temperaments is too strong, then, clearly, your son should leave home. He is grown up now and your first duty is to your husband.

TEMPTRESSES

of the "men on the road"

I AM one of those door-to-door salesmen. Nearly the whole of my business is done with the housewife. I very rarely see any of the menfolk.

I have a regular round through several small towns and a chain of country villages, with regular days for visiting each home. Of these I generally manage to get round about fifty or sixty per day. Believe me, the average "man on the road," of whom I count myself one, is only anxious to sell his goods and make enough profit to support himself and those dependent upon him.

It is not bad trade that makes his lot such a hard one. It is the temptations that are dangled before him.

Some women will use every wile to get into heavy arrears, and then, when pressure for payment begins, it is counteracted by real temptation. Men on the road whom I have known succumb to this subtle temptation have speedily gone the short way to ruin.

The word seems to pass down a street or run through a district and more goods are allowed out "on strap" and more bad bargains made, merely to try and stop the spread of scandal.

Up to the present I have kept my own flag flying, but my attitude of aloofness, when "flirtation" creeps into the conversation, means monetary loss and the cold "No, thank you, nothing to-day," when my next calling time comes round.

If you would give me, and my pals on the road, a tip how to handle these female wolves in sheep's clothing, you will be doing a good turn to thousands of us trying to earn our livings in one of the most gruelling of all schools.

"HUMANIST" says: Keeping business on a strictly cash basis is the best solution of itinerant trading difficulties, both for those who sell and those who buy. It may mean a longer tramp to the day's work and often a more slender income, but I recommend you to adhere to the rule.

The travelling salesman is a boon in scattered country districts, and with patience an honourable connection may be built up among this hard-working and worthy population.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly. Send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

You can send your money to these advertisers as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 3

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600 ARTICLES. FREE TO ALL.

Carpets Footwear | Furniture Clothing | Bedding Jewellery

NO OUTLAY
NO TROUBLE

£3
Commission on a 20-week Club.

Start a City and Provincial Club NOW. 1/- weekly secures all these 600 Bargains. Big commissions. Best possible value.

DON'T DELAY—SEND TO-DAY!

VACANCIES NOW FOR 1,000 NEW AGENTS.
Send P.C. for particulars.
New 128-page Catalogue of Amazing Bargains.

CITY & PROVINCIAL STORES (Dept. J.B.),
P.O. Box 43, Atlantic Mills, Manchester.

50,000 Yards CASEMENT CURTAINING AND CRETONNES 1D.

P.C. BRINGS PATTERN BOOK POST FREE, ALSO POST FREE 72 Coloured Illustrations Lovely Cretonnes.

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From 3D. Yard CRETONNES and FADELESS CASEMENT with a GUARANTEE 4¾D.

Actual Samples of plain Hemstitched, Inserted, Guaranteed Fadeless Cretonnes, Reps, Nets, Poplins, Satins, Stripes, Artificial Silks, Multi Stripes, etc.

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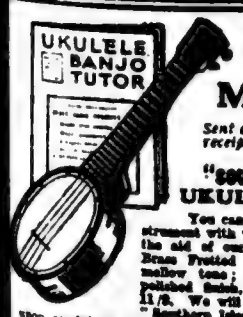

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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

THE HAPPIEST TIME OF LIFE: Over Thirty or Under?

PERHAPS my young days were not such a "hurly-burly" as girls nowadays *enjoy*, but I, also, had my good times. I am now over thirty (it doesn't matter by how many years), and I am glad of it.

Long ago the cradle was destroyed; the last pair of wheels off the pram were presented to a lad to fix to a box bearing the name of a well-known sugar firm.

With my husband still employed and my six-foot son always fussing over and petting me, I am perfectly happy, and envy no "under-thirty" sister.—*I. E. M., Chelmsford.*

Which is Greater?

From babyhood to thirty years of age—adoration, happy, carefree days of childhood, learning the meaning of life, finally to enter man's estate. This is happiness by receiving.

Over thirty years of age—the beginning of real responsibility, care of a wife and family, interest in the welfare of a business, one's town and country; a broader outlook on life, a kindlier regard for the other fellow. This is happiness by giving.

Which is the greater happiness?—*Geo. A. Watson, Tynemouth.*

Youth's Fling

Certainly under thirty. What happiness to compare with the carefree, irresponsibility of youth, when the troubles and sorrows of life are but faintly conceived?

A placid mind, a healthy, active body, with opportunity to indulge in sports and pastimes, and the under-thirty approaches nearer to complete happiness than at any other period of life.

The over-thirty knows too much. His maturer happiness is clouded by experience, the sense of responsibility, and an appreciation of the more serious and disturbing elements of life.—*J. S. Reid, Glasgow.*

An "Old Maid" Speaks

Until I was thirty, I thought that every man who called me "darling" was pricing the precious stones in the jewellers' windows. Thus I lived a life that was anything but tranquil, for I was always waiting for "The Day," and so missed the happiness in "To-day."

Now, at forty-two, I take an intelligent interest in *all* men as well as women.

If a companionable man says "he's willing," and I think we can pull together, perhaps I shall say "Yes." If not, I shall remain in tranquillity, and, after all, that is a very precious thing. Yes, the years after thirty are the happiest.—*L. G. A., Newcastle.*

Twice Bitten

I thought the happiest time of life
Was when I took myself a wife.
I then was *under* thirty.
And later on a second wife,
She came along into my life,
When I was *over* thirty.
But if you really want the truth,
Just ask a "twicer" for the proof.
The happiest time of all my life
Was when I didn't have a wife
And was *exactly* thirty.

J. D., West Timperley.

A Roamer's View

Before I was thirty I had travelled all over the world, had been a stowaway, sign-writer, navvy, bush-whacker, publican, and just an ordinary wandering sinner.

I enjoyed a most exciting war as an artilleryman, being wounded three times, and I celebrated the first Armistice Day by getting married at the age of thirty.

The happiest time of my life has been spent since I was thirty; manacled by marriage to a man-manager—my wife.—*Nomadic, Plumstead.*

Life's Cruet

I think of life as a banquet, whereat, to appreciate the goodness of the fare, one must learn the use of condiments.

We have the salt of discretion, the pep of perseverance, the mustard of moderation, and the saving sauce of humour! Also the sugar of sweet sympathy.

It took me thirty years to learn to apply these with some success, and, believe me, over thirty tastes good!—*A. M., Perthshire.*

They Differ

Under thirty, to a woman, is the period of overflowing health and spirits, of love, and of those little bundles of trouble that make music in her heart. The whole wonder of the universe dawns in those years. Disillusionment and dyspepsia arrive too often with the thirties.

To a man, thirty or so marks the year when he begins, if ever, to forge ahead, to carry responsibility, big or little, to know his job backwards, to get the real feel of worth-while life. That's a man's time—thirty onwards.—*M. H., Canterbury.*

The Tolerance of Age

After thirty responsibilities come crowding along, bringing with them anxieties and sorrows.

Set-backs seem more permanent, losses seem greater, disappointments keener, and—saddest of all—love less real.

Then comes forty, and with it a new vision of life. Troubles, like tonics, taste very bitter, but we emerge stronger, more tolerant, less hasty to judge, and with a more firmly established happiness than youth can ever know.—*E. B. B., Cantab.*

Years that Count

Three years ago JOHN BULL referred to me as a "super-optimist" because I had made good, despite deafness resulting from a pit accident.

But I'd willingly barter the remaining years for five of the "under-thirty" period when I could hear the birds singing and the voices of friends.

Memories are a poor consolation when one must, every day, dwell in an indescribable silence.—*Deafened, New Seaham.*

Sensible

From the angle of fifty, I see my first half of life as a pot-pourri of cheap dresses, days spent in wiping the noses of other women's children, and innumerable but harmless flirtations.

Now that I have a little brood of my own, a husband whose only vice is "putting a bob on," and a roof over my head minus a rent-book, I certainly don't yearn for my first thirty years of existence.—*F. C., Sherwood.*

* * *

Seedtime and Harvest

Later years are like the autumn of life when we reap the fruit of youth's springtime endeavour.—*Tyneside, Newcastle.*

Over thirty is much what under thirty makes it.—*J. E. O., Croft.*

Before thirty a man is sitting in the stalls of life waiting for the curtain to rise. After thirty the play has commenced.—*L. J. Neath Lane, Bexleyheath.*

The music of life is sweetest when the blood runs strong in the veins.—*Radio Maid, Daybrook.*

The happiness of most young people is on the surface. Inward content, which is true happiness, is greater after thirty.—*A. C. Garnett, West Didsbury.*

Why differentiate? The values of life are so evenly balanced there can be no particular period set apart when one is always happy.—*Twenty-four, Leicester.*

The happiest time of life is when young, dreaming of the future, the golden opportunities of life and not exactly understanding the world or the people in it.—*M. Kay, Faversham.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, November 3.

Breach of Promise: Should Women go to Law?

A SOCCER ANALYSIS

OUR EXPERT'S FORECASTS FOR OCTOBER 31

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) PORTSMOUTH v. Chelsea.
(2) Blackpool v. LEICESTER.
(3) Arsenal v. ASTON VILLA.
(4) BIRMINGHAM v. Bolton.
*(5) BLACKBURN v. Grimsby.
(6) DERBY v. West Ham.
*(7) EVERTON v. Newcastle.
(8) Manchester City v. Huddersfield.
*(9) SHEFFIELD UNITED v. Liverpool.
(10) SUNDERLAND v. Middlesbrough.
(11) W.B. ALBION v. Wednesday.

SECOND DIVISION.

*(1) PLYMOUTH v. Manchester United.
(2) MILLWALL v. Preston.
(3) Barnsley v. WOLVERHAMPTON.
(4) Bradford City v. Southampton.
(5) Bristol City v. HOTSPUR.
**(6) BURY v. Chesterfield.
(7) LEEDS v. Stoke.
(8) Notts County v. Bradford
(9) OLDHAM v. Forest.
(10) PORT VALE v. Burnley.
*(11) SWANSEA v. Charlton.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).

(1) Gillingham v. Q.P. Rangers.
(2) Northampton v. WATFORD.
**(3) BRENTFORD v. Orient.
(4) CARDIFF v. Palace.
*(5) COVENTRY v. Bristol Rovers.
(6) EXETER v. Torquay.
**(7) FULHAM v. Norwich.
(8) LUTON v. Boscombe.
(9) READING v. Mansfield.
**(10) SOUTHEND v. Brighton.
(11) THAMES v. Swindon.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).

(1) HARTLEPOOLS v. Stockport.
**(2) GATESHEAD v. Rochdale.
(3) Barrow v. SOUTHPORT.
**(4) CHESTER v. Rotherham.
(5) DARLINGTON v. Wrexham.
(6) HALIFAX v. Carlisle.
(7) Hull v. York.
*(8) LINCOLN v. Tranmere.
(9) NEW BRIGHTON v. Doncaster.
(10) WALSALL v. Crewe.
(11) WIGAN v. Accrington.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) MOTHERWELL v. Celtic.
(2) THIRD LANARK v. Airdrie.
*(3) ABERDEEN v. Morton.
(4) Ayr v. PARTICK.
(5) CLYDE v. Hamilton.
(6) DUNDEE v. Cowdenbeath.
(7) Falkirk v. Queen's Park.
(8) Leith v. KILMARNOCK.
*(9) RANGERS v. Dundee United.
(10) ST. MIRREN v. Hearts.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home team and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.: 5 (*H*); Div. II.: 6 (*H*); Southern Section: 2 (*A*); Northern Section: 4 (*H*); Scottish League: 9 (*H*) would indicate Blackburn, Bury, Watford, Chester and Rangers.

Latest designs British throughout.

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BEDSPREADS
COTTON BLANKETS
AND TOWELS

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Of all chemists. Mice 1/6 & 2/6. Rats 2/6 & 6/- Evans Sons Lescher & Webb Ltd., 56, Hanover Street, Liverpool.

31a

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BRIEF SPECIFICATION: Oak Cabinet with lovely wax finish; oxy-copper finished metal panel with simple controls; New Type Detector and super-power Valves; Nickel-iron Transformer; Air-Spaced Condenser; 2-volt Accumulator; H.T. Battery. Loud Speaker of Oak to match, 4 pole differential type unit. Aerial Outfit. **Price £7**

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full particulars of this and other Wireless Installations, including **The Graves Battery-driven 3-Valve Screened-Grid Pedestal Model** in handsome Oak Cabinet with all accessories, including Valves and Aerial Outfit. **Price £12 . 10** Terms **12/-** with order, **15/-** monthly; also **The Graves All Mains 3-Valve Screened-Grid Pedestal Model** in fine Oak Cabinet, complete in all details, ready for plugging-in. **Price £18** Terms: **20/-** with order, **20/-** monthly.

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INCREASED PRIZE for JOHN BULL'S X-WORD

and extra award of PLUMP XMAS TURKEY FOR EVERY WINNER THIS WEEK

FIRST PRIZE £750

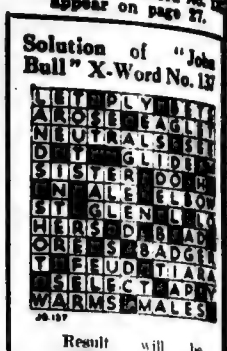
RUNNERS-UP DIVIDE £50

A PLUMP Christmas Turkey is to be added to every cash award in "John Bull's" Crossword this week! Not content with this seasonable attraction, he has increased the First Prize to £750, supported by £50 for Runners-up. Try your skill with the fascinating squares this evening and a big cheque and a fine Christmas Dinner may be yours!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £750 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter a square containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. In addition every cash prizewinner in this contest will also receive an extra award of a "John Bull" Plump Xmas Turkey. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 12th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 19th.

Winners in X-Word No. 137 appear on page 27.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 137



Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 137 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order Payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it &/Co.; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, November 5th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than two double Entry Forms—(Four Squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, November 19th.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £750 prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, **Tuesday, December 1st,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. { See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 139

JB·139 DO NOT CUT HERE.

JB·139

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

Readers in Scotland ineligible.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, NOV. 5

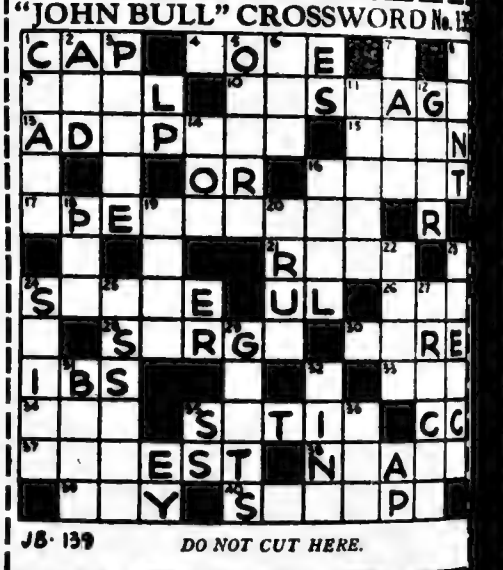
CLUES ACROSS.

1. Covering for the head.
4. It often indicates character.
9. Where old car jibs.
10. Passenger books this on liner.
13. Made to fit.
15. Joint is cooked in.
16. Huge.
17. A looker-on.
21. Beams of light.
24. Reptile.
26. Feminine of "him."
28. Cloth used for suiting.
30. It plays havoc with advancing troops.
33. You write with this.
34. Enemy.
35. A glossy silk fabric.
37. Land covered with trees.
38. Short for "beneath."
39. Here the pig lives.
40. Wise person does this with windows open.

CLUES DOWN.

1. A frost often causes.
2. Assistance.
3. Careless handling of this may cause a smash.
5. A musical play.
6. Sorrowful.
7. We do this with flags.
8. Is often put up at holiday times.
11. Regretful.
12. Helps car climb hill.
14. Add.
16. Footballer tries to score.
18. This may contain gold.
19. Housewife some times burns this.
20. "Twelve good men and ——."
22. Sailing vessel.
23. Provided Tommies with shelter.
24. You may get this when sculling.
25. Declare positively.
27. Raises.
29. No respecters of persons.
31. Shouts of derision.
32. Provides us with something which warms.
36. Indicates maiden name.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 139



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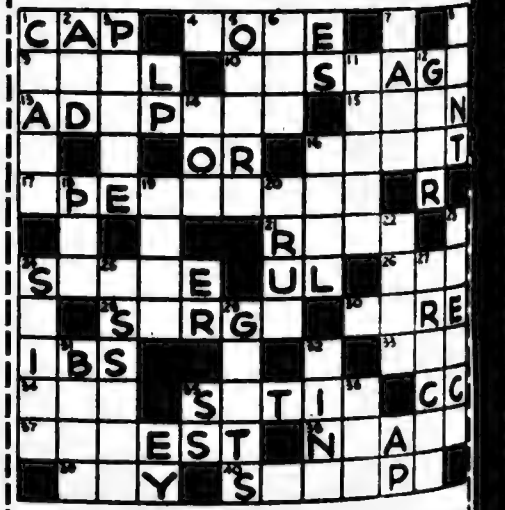


JB·139

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

Readers in Scotland ineligible.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Coupons 1/-

See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, NOV. 5

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 139), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp

Write to "John Bull" About It!

The Editor Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will attend to any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope.

A. N. (Chalk Farm).—"He threw a boot at me and I was stunned." Was his boot in it?

T. B. (Bath).—"My wife is getting on very well with her car-driving lessons." Is the road beginning to turn when she does?

L. B. (Chertsey). — "The average bed is not long enough." And the average man feels that he is not long enough in it.

A. T. (Sevenoaks).—"She runs the house like clockwork." On tick?

T. P. (Bath).—"What does the average Scotsman like to drink?" More!

G. M. (Hendon).—"I have just removed to another road." Queer Street?

R. B. (Exeter).—"I have had my trials." But not convictions, we hope?

P. N. (Kennington).—"Wrestling is a healthy pastime." A grapple a day——.

W. M. (Bath).—"As I approached the ox broke into a run." And how many bowls did it take?

A. M. (York).—"What would you do if a lion suddenly walked into your office?" asked the commissionaire.

F. H. (Rochester).—"The modern girl knows how to put her foot down." Yes, especially on the accelerator.

R. M. (Rugby).—"I never stop to think." Otherwise you would have to remain too long in one place?

F. P. (Baldock).—"I know the longest word in the English language." And how to write the longest letter!

G. K. (Hendon).—"The guiding hand is still Mother's." Yes, on the steering-wheel.

F. H. (Kingston).—"My wife wanted a car and I wanted a motor-cycle, so we decided to compromise." What make of car is it?

D. R. S. (Glasgow).—"I wouldn't give twopence for the average modern novel." In any case, we don't suppose the author would take it.

F. M. (Frome).—". . . and yet the man who sold me the car said it would climb up hills with the greatest of ease." Are you sure he did not say bills?

H. R. (Truro).—"I wish I could express my thoughts in writing." But there are plenty of small words in the English language.

D. P. (Hollywood).—"Courtship and marriage is nothing but a headlong race here." We heard of an actress the other day who was on her seventh lap.

D. K. (London, S.W.).—"Most of the coffee we drink comes from South America." So *that's* where the waitress goes to!

R. R. (Margate).—"I have delivered letters without any complaints for 20 years." Evidently the right man for the job.

A. N. (Neasden).—"Six widows claimed the estate of a Mexican outlaw." Now it is clear why he became an outlaw.

Miss C. (Berwick).—"Apart from mother, dad is the only one of our household who can come in late at night." But only apart from mother.

H. F. (Leeds).—"My tobacconist gives away a pipe with every ounce of tobacco he sells." Has he ever thought of giving a box of matches with every cigarette-lighter?

S. T. (Derby).—"I trust you found my book on physical culture useful." It did. We had not read many lines before it encouraged us to skip whole chapters.

L. T. (Chepstow).—"A pedometer carried by a referee in a recent football match showed that he ran seven miles." We hope that he is now safe home with his family.

W. D. S. (London, E.C.).—"A patent parcel-carrier has been invented." This will perhaps enable the old-fashioned model to see an occasional football match.

JOHN S. (Dalkeith, N.B.).—"It is estimated that the amount of fiction printed every year runs into well over a hundred million words." And even that figure doesn't include political speeches.

V. L. (Bolton).—"I married the school-teacher who used to make me write lines." And now she still keeps you at it—writing cheques?

H. P. (Bath).—"I tried to surprise my wife by wearing Guy Fawkes' mask." And didn't she notice any difference?

R. W. (Ely).—"Some people think of wireless as a benefit conferred upon humanity." Others have sets.

BERTIE (Mayfair).—"I wear a monocle because I have a weak eye." You should wear a glass hat.

F. P. (Baldock).—"How long do you lie in your morning bath?" About 5 ft. 10 in.

B. L. (Leeds).—"When I do not know a thing I keep my mouth shut." And do people think you are dumb?

G. M. (Hitchin).—"One day I will tell you all I know." We will keep a look-out for the postcard.

T. M. (Wivenhoe).—"Does anybody really want this General Election?" Yes, boys whose schools have to be used as polling booths.

H. P. (Clacton).—"I made my own wireless set out of odds and ends I picked up in a garage." And will your neighbours accept this explanation?

N. M. (London, N.).—"I had to stand for some time before I could get a seat." Parliamentary candidate or Underground passenger?

C. N. (Bungay).—"I mistook a mushroom for my golf ball." And how many strokes did you take before you discovered the fact?

D. R. S. (Bournemouth).—"A soprano recently cancelled a gramophone audition on receipt of a threatening letter." Now, that's an idea.

T. M. (Ayr).—"I planted gooseberries last year and I have not been troubled with pecking birds at all." We did that and we haven't even been troubled with gooseberries.

G. M. C. (Edinburgh).—"When mowing the lawn, the best results are obtained by pushing the machine very slowly." Our jobbing gardener seems to think they are obtained by keeping the mower perfectly motionless.

JAMES D. (Inverness).—"During a recent trial, a juryman was allowed to leave the court when it was found that he had become a victim to sleepy sickness." Although the prisoner snored violently and hopefully several times, it was of no avail.

P. N. (Epsom).—"What is a good fire preventive?" The price of coal.

A. N. (Reigate).—"Black blotting-paper is a new idea." Nonsense. See any post office.

MRS. D. S. (Derby).—"What is the best aid to adult education?" Children.

A. K. (Totnes).—"An American jazz composer is quite deaf." He takes a cowardly advantage of his infliction.

ACTOR (London, N.).—"I have had letters from ladies in every town in which I have appeared." Landladies, we suppose.

P. M. (Regent's Park).—"I am convinced, and very strongly convinced, that we are descended from vegetables." All right, old bean.

T. N. (Goole).—"An actress says that the secret of beauty is the preservation of the chin." It is also the secret of successful pugilism.

C. K. (Beverley).—"When is a house considered to be unfit for habitation?" When it is described as a charming old-world residence.

ENGINEER (Holborn).—"Pillar-boxes are cemented very firmly to the ground." This sort of assertion is a direct challenge to motorists.

JAMES D. (Edinburgh).—"My grandfather was given up by the doctors at forty and died at eighty-seven." The doctors are always right in the end.

A. S. (Harringay).—"A drug has been discovered in India which gives people the power of describing events they have not witnessed." We know several people who do that without drugs.

Miss A. (Brighton).—"What is meant by an audition?" A voice trial in which dozens of girls take part in the hope of obtaining a vacancy which was filled before it started.

S. C. G. (Bristol).—"I envy the people who can go off for the grouse shooting each autumn." Why grouse? There's splendid shooting for you on page 35. Out with your pen and bring down a fine Christmas dinner.

JOHN B. (Dover).—"Italian lion-tamers have formed a trade union." It is to be hoped that they never receive the order to down tools when they are in the middle of their job.

T. R. (Pontefract).—"Stunt performers for the talkies are paid a lot of money for a motor smash." It seems an injustice that ordinary pedestrians have to take part in them for nothing.

(Many replies unadvoidably held over)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

THE SKIPPER:—"Round the house and into the back garden dashed his pals, hotly pursued by a couple of LONG KNIVES."

SHORT STORIES:—"A dozen ropes SHOUT out from a dozen hands."

SPORTING CHRONICLE HANDICAP BOOK:—"She was hopelessly placed in the straight, but showed fine speed to get third. FOLLOW THIS GELDING."

THE BULLETIN:—"She DIED a little as she sat there."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Bright hexagonal electric GLOVES are to shine along the aisles."

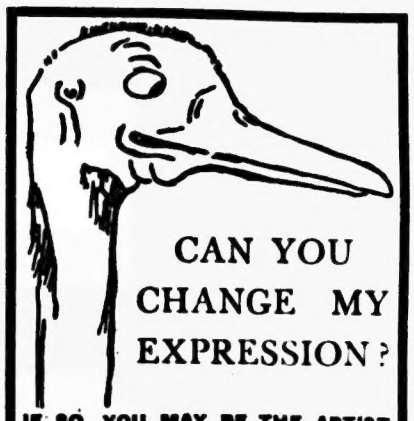
THE EVENING CITIZEN:—"A detachment of troops arrived at Newchang, whither they had been despatched WITH ALL loss of speed."

BLACKPOOL GAZETTE:—"In a memorable GATE, Lytham Pier was partially wrecked and at times the GATE was blowing at nearly eighty miles an hour."

NARBERTH WEEKLY NEWS:—"Her husband was driving the cow at a reasonably safe speed."

STAFFORDSHIRE EVENING SENTINEL:—"The prosecuting firm did not FISH to press the case unduly."

EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH:—"The L.M.S. Rly Co. announce that, following the APPRECIATION of the pound . . ."



CAN YOU CHANGE MY EXPRESSION?

IF SO, YOU MAY BE THE ARTIST THAT COMMERCE IS WAITING FOR.

There are hundreds of openings in connection with Humorous Papers, Advertisement Drawing, Posters, Calendars, Catalogues, Textile Designs, Book Illustrations, &c.

60% of Commercial Art work is done by "Free Lance Artists" who do their work at home and sell it to the highest bidders. Many Commercial Artists draw "retaining fees" from various sources, others prefer to work full time employment or partnership arrangement. We teach you not only how to draw what is wanted, but how to make buyers want what you draw. This is purely a money making course.

Let us send you particulars for a FREE TRIAL and details of our Course for your inspection. You will be under no obligation whatever.

We also teach by post for all other careers, including Police, Air Force, Civil Service.

We specialise in all Examinations, Technical, Commercial, etc.

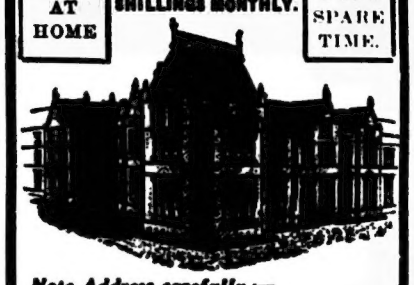
In many trades and professions there are more vacancies than trained men to fill them. We do not profess to act as an employment agency but our gigantic organisation certainly does tell us where the demand exists, thus enabling us to give FATHERLY ADVICE ON ALL CAREERS AND PROSPECTS OF EMPLOYMENT FREE.

The Most Successful and Most Progressive Correspondence College in the World.

YOU CAN HAVE A COLLEGE TRAINING IN ALMOST ANY CAREER FOR A FEW SHILLINGS MONTHLY.

STUDY AT HOME

IN YOUR SPARE TIME.



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THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD.,
ART DEPT. 207, SHEFFIELD.

Nerve Pains Like

Lightning Jabs

"Throb, throb my head used to go," writes Mrs. Dean, of Ford Street, Miles Platting . . . "and every time it was like a jab of lightning. The pain was so terrible I tried everything. In despair I took a 'Daisy' Powder, scarcely hoping for any relief, but it acted like a godsend. In five minutes I had lost the racing pain that had been almost blinding me for days." Daisy cannot upset your heart or digestion. No aspirin. No harmful drugs. The sufferers' constant friend for 30 years.

2D. each

Packet of 4 Powders 7½D.

"DAISY"

HEADACHE POWDERS

Daisy Ltd., Horsforth, Leeds.

PARMINT

DOUBLE STRENGTH

Is a good old-fashioned, dependable remedy for curing Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Bronchial Troubles and Hoarseness. Made from pure Norway Pine and Japanese Mint, it is known the world over for its soothing effects on the delicate membrane of the throat and lungs and thousands of bottles are sold yearly. Good for either children or adults. Try it. Parmint costs little, tastes good, acts quickly and is sold and recommended by good chemists everywhere. Always standard and always reliable.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH, HOARSENESS, BRONCHIAL TROUBLE, HAY FEVER

JB

HOW TO MAKE YOUR SET MORE SELECTIVE

READ THIS WEEK'S ISSUE OF

Amateur Wireless and Radiovision

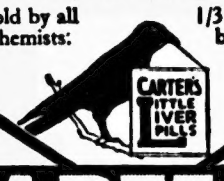
ON SALE TO-DAY, 3d.

DEPRESSED?

Troubles do not get you down if you feel fit and well. They are mountains high when your LIVER IS OUT OF ORDER.

If your liver is lazy and sluggish, poisons collect in your blood and you become tired, worried and depressed. You feel beaten before you start. Take one or two Carter's Little Liver Pills, they act directly on the liver and never fail to bring quick relief from gloom and low spirits. Purely vegetable, sugar coated, tiny, easy to swallow, causing no pain or discomfort, they may be taken by the most delicate person or even by the youngest child.

Sold by all Chemists. 1/3 and 3/- bottles.



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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

THE HERBAL METHOD FOR

PSORIASIS

ECZEMA and all other Skin Diseases. Removes all trace completely and permanently without rest or absence from work. A proved success over 40 years. Write for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover and full particulars of our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

JB **J. ROBINSON & SONS, 11, Kirkgate House, BRADFORD.**

Reduce YOUR High

BLOOD PRESSURE

REJUVENATE YOUR ARTERIES.
STRENGTHEN YOUR HEART.
COME OFF THE DANGER LIST.

JB

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it Now.** **(Prescription No. 1108/T).** Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,

(Dept. J.B. 32), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

ORPHANS of *Fate*

John Bull lends a helping hand

UNTIL recently Doris, William, Phyllis and Benjamin Davies romped and laughed like thousands of other British boys and girls. To-day their sunny smiles have vanished. Their little faces wear a sad, perplexed look as much as to say: "Why should Fate single *us* out for such a cruel blow?"

Already motherless, their father, a hard-working man, fell down a flight of stairs, and in spite of a midnight operation by two doctors in a desperate attempt to save his life, he died of his injuries.

Had it not been for a cheque of £100 which JOHN BULL has now dispatched to the guardians, the plight of these four orphans would have been desperate indeed.

JOHN BULL'S Free Family Insurance Gift works in many wonderful ways, as tens of thousands of our readers know. Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness and Accident it covers the reader free. Even the little children share in the wonderful scheme. If you have not yet registered, do so now on the registration forms below.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS (non fatal) £5 each

We give below the names of a few readers to have received cheques on account of accidents in the home:

DONCASTER.—Mrs. L. Coggon, 56, Earlesmere Av., Balby.
HAYFIELD, NR. STOCKPORT.—Mrs. E. Redfern, Gas House Lane.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. R. Stanfield, 5, Temperance Place, Goldenhill.
LLANELLY.—Mrs. J. Davies, Minvraflon, Stepney Rd., Pwll.
CHADSMOOR, STAFFS.—Mrs. E. Hartshorne, 92, Moreton St.
LONDON, S.W.2.—Mrs. E. Davidson, 76, Dumbarton Rd.
PEMBERTON, NR. WIGAN.—Mrs. P. Bulpitt, 41, Fleet St.
WARRINGTON, LANCS.—Mrs. E. Finchett, 20, Albert St.
BOLTON, LANCS.—Mrs. F. Langford, 97, Salford Rd., Over Hulton.
CHESTER-LE-STREET. — Mrs. A. Bloomfield, 1, Cedar St., Waldridge Fell.
LONDON, N.17.—Mrs A. Donovan, 8, Pleasant Terr., Cemetery Rd.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. T. Featherstone, 225, Paget Rd., Pype Hayes, Erdington.
BLAINA, MON.—Mr. W. C. Bryant, 6, Victoria St.
TREDEGAR, MON.—Mrs. C. Jones, 83, Queen St.
HINDLEY GREEN, NR. WIGAN.—Mrs. J. Hughes, 23, Smith Lane.
LEICESTER.—Mrs. A. Knight, 2, Crystal St., Abbey Gate.
RHONDDA.—Mrs. C. M. Millard, 5, Troedyrhiw Terr., Treorchy.
LEEDS.—Mrs. E. A. Raistrick, 8, Green Lane, Greenside, Pudsey.
MIDDLESBROUGH, YORKS.—Mrs. C. Bullock, 33, Dundas Mews.
LEICESTER.—Mrs. E. Silver, 1 Heathcott Rd., Saffron Lane.
LONDON, S.E.15.—Mrs. I. Bradford, 36, Garsdale Rd.
NEWPORT, MON.—Mrs. N. V. Shuck, 68, Sutton Rd.
GRAVESEND.—Mrs. M. G. Holt, 28, Bartlett Rd.
ROMFORD, ESSEX. — Mrs. A. Hayden, 55, Dunton Rd. North St.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. E. Beggs, 116 High Craighall, Port Dundas.
READING.—Mrs. W. J. Sparks, 15, Belle Vue Rd., Tilehurst Rd.
HAMILTON, LANARKSHIRE. — Mrs. J. Corness, 6, Brown St.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT—"John Bull" Covers You FREE

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JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 31/10/31.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature,
Age .....

Address .....

.....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.

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..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B., 31/10/31.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance.

State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

Cash the Coupons

FREE!

Fill in the coupon in the HACKNEY FURNISHING CO.'S advt. on page 25 for FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and particulars of their easy terms and unique Free Insurance Plan. Remarkable enterprise is shown by this firm, whose unrivalled protection policy provides that in cases of illness or accident your instalments are paid for you. In the event of death your Furniture passes to your dependants without further payment. For safety Furnishing methods on easy terms get full particulars of how the Hackney plan solves all your Furnishing problems, by completing and posting the free coupon in the advertisement now while you think of it!

FAST ROLLING

Use Zig-Zag, the easy rolling crisp, fresh, pure, cigarette papers — and enjoy a better smoke.

ZIG-ZAG
CIGARETTE PAPERS

CATARRH SOON GONE

To move your Catarrh use Nostroline Nasal Specific, a soothing, pleasant treatment that gives Instant Relief to every Catarrh Sufferer. Even chronic cases yield to it. 'Nostroline' stops the discharge and clears the nasal congestion. Acts immediately. Get it from the Chemist and use at once. Price only 1/3.

Free sample on request from "Nostroline," J.46, Clifton, Bristol.

JB

Now I can Breathe
THANKS TO
'NOSTROLINE'

TONGUE COATED? BACKACHE? HEADACHE OR "RUN DOWN"?
if so get a bottle of the Famous Remedy
DR. KILMER'S
SWAMP-ROOT

The Great Herbal
Kidney, Liver & Bladder Medicine.

Its mild tonic effect gently stimulates the organs and soon cleanses the system of all impurities, relieving:—

Rheumatism, Headache, Indigestion, Sickness, Palpitation, Backache, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Nervousness, Faintness, Sleeplessness, Spots Before the Eyes, &c.

JB

Get a Bottle To-day
From all Chemists
1/3, 3/- and 5/-

If you have not given Swamp-Root a trial send for a Free Sample and Health Guide Post free to—

DR. KILMER & CO. (Dept. J.B.) Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

FREE!

Send the coupon in the JOHN SHAW advt. on page 28 for a large photographic reproduction of the all-British "GOVERNOR" TOOL OUTFIT and an interesting illustrated Booklet "How to Make and How to Mend," specially produced for craftsmen, handymen and amateur woodworkers. Fill in the coupon and post it now!

See John Bull's "Shop Window" & Small Ads. on Pages 2, 3 & 29.

ANOTHER INCREASE—600 XMAS DINNERS THIS WEEK

600
PLUMP SURREY
XMAS FOWLS
4,000
XMAS FEASTS
to be enjoyed by Bulleteers on Dec 25
1931. Second batch of winners to be decided in this contest
600
EXTRA AWARDS
Each letter notifying Xmas Fowl Winners will be accompanied by a bonus award value 2/-
£300
'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE
£50 SECOND PRIZE
£25 THIRD PRIZE
10 OF £5
10 OF £2·10
600 XMAS FOWLS - 10000 'TARGET' PRIZES
ENTER BY SAT. NOV. 7

600 MORE GUESTS FOR OUR XMAS DINNER!

CHRISTMAS is speedily approaching—and for 4,000 *Bullets* entrants it is going to be a JOHN BULL Christmas this year.

When the entries for this week's increased offer have been judged, as many as 600 senders of good *Bullets* will receive invitations to what must surely be the biggest Christmas Party ever organised.

But not only 600 competitors are going to be delighted when the winners of this contest are announced. For the best *Bullet* entered JOHN BULL will write a £300 cheque—and a few words on one of the coupons on this page can win you the First or any of the other prizes.

The material for a good *Bullet* may be supplied by a chance remark you hear, or by some incident seen or read about. Whatever subject you choose to deal with, remember that your completed *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment neatly fitted to the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you choose the *Example* ON THE CONTINENT, the added words BRITISH TRAVELLERS REPLACING VISITORS would complete a *Bullet*.

£852 10s. CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £500, COMPETITION NO. 823

Mr. L. ASH, 21, Inverleith Place, Edinburgh.

Example:—POPULAR DELUSION

Bullet:—"JAM," WITHOUT "SPREADING OURSELVES."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. H. ALLEN, 43, Saxon Road, Luton.
Example:—Climbing
Bullet:—Down—"Mountaineers" We Elect.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

J. R. WRIGHT, 164, Lescoe Road, Heaner.
Example:—Britain's Harvest
Bullet:—Soon—Or Britain's "Autumn."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

J. ALMOND, 12, Hall Street, Ince, Lancs.
Up Against It — Then Britain *Stops* "Lounging."

BARRON, 51, Trainard Avenue, Glasgow.
The Under-dog—Must Underworld "Teach Tricks"?

DALTON, 25, Milson Road, West Kensington.
The Bankers — Holding Life's "Gold," Mothers.

S. E. FOSIER, 34, Victoria Road, Netley.
The Under-dog — "Pointer" to Civilisation's Incompleteness.

GODFREY, 466, Cowbridge Road, Cardiff.
Gathering Wisdom—Voters, From "Barren" Promises.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

GREEN, 4, Cecil Terrace, Stamford, Lincs.
Damsel In Distress—Danger Lurking? No —Lacking!

GUNN, 33, Shaw Street, Govan, Glasgow.
Britain's Harvest — Speck Among World's Pecks.

Miss A. K. HEALD, 21, Walsingham Road, Hove.
Enraptured—Me, By "Be My—"

A. F. SHARMAN, 131, Ewart Road, Nottingham.
Britain's Harvest — Paste For Election Posters!

L. WEIGHTMAN, "Roseneath," Nottingham Road, Alfreton.
The Bankers — Aren't "Ogres" — Or "Fairies."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

C. ABERNETHY, 232, Albert Bridge Road, Belfast.
The Bankers—Mustn't Make Government "Agents."

F. COWARD, 27, Arnold Road, Woking.
Juggling With Figures — Auntie — Then Tipping Twopence!

F. HILLS, Moverons, Brightlingsea.
Economy For All—"Yolk Or White, Dear?"

Mrs. J. KENWOOD, 60, Gloucester Crescent, London, N.W.
Damsel In Distress — Britannia's Helmet Doesn't Suit.

J. MAQUIRE, 7, Upper Leeson Street, Dublin.
Up Against It — "Rest" — Your Ladder Only!

A. S. MANNING, P.O. Stores Department, 17-19, Bedford Street, Strand.
Up Against It — Foreigner Translating "Cheerio, Cocky!"

E. McCANN, 27, Delancey Street, Regent's Park, N.W.
Farmer's Wife—"Government" That *Helps* Farmer.

S. PARR, 28, 3rd Avenue, Wolverhampton.
Key To Contentment—Baby's Tummy—Not Dummy.

E. W. STROUD, 80, Victoria Road, Bournemouth.
Climbing — Clingling — Slipping — Climbing, Britain.

F. WILMOT, 172b, New King's Road, London.
The Under-dog—Moan's Ignored—Snarl's Rebuked.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

In accordance with our published announcement each winner announced above will receive a double Bonus of a Misty Armchair and a £5 cheque.

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 822 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. Ramsden, 441, Harrogate Road, Eccleshill, Bradford.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 823 recently purchased "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE

FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.)

Examples for Competition No. 826

IN THE POLITICAL ARENA	THANKS TO THE WEATHER	WHEN SHE'S ASKED
ANOTHER CRISIS	SMART SALESWOMAN	DELAY IS DANGEROUS, SO
HARBOUR OF REFUGE	ON LIFE'S TIGHT-ROPE	LOOKING ON
JUST NOW	THANKS TO THE ELECTORS	WHEN FATHER VOTED
HUNTING FOR A HUSBAND	DREAMING OF HOME	GIRL WHO CAN TALK
THE MYSTERY IS	ON THE CONTINENT	IF WE PULL TOGETHER
AS WE GET ON	POWER OF PERSONALITY	TROUBLE AND STRIFE
BEER IS DEAR, BUT	THE OLD STANDARD	WHEN DRIVING
FACTORY HOOTER	NEED	SHELVED
PAINFULLY OBVIOUS	MAN WHO'S DONE WONDERS	EVERYTHING'S LOVELY WHEN
ALL HE REMEMBERED	OBSTINATELY	

Example_____
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(826) P.O. No._____
Closing SAT. Nov. 7
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(826) P.O No._____
Closing SAT. Nov. 7.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed_____
Address_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(826) P.O. No._____
Closing SAT. Nov. 7.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(826) P.O. No._____
Closing SAT. Nov. 7.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed_____
Address_____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 826, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. **2.** Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. **3.** The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

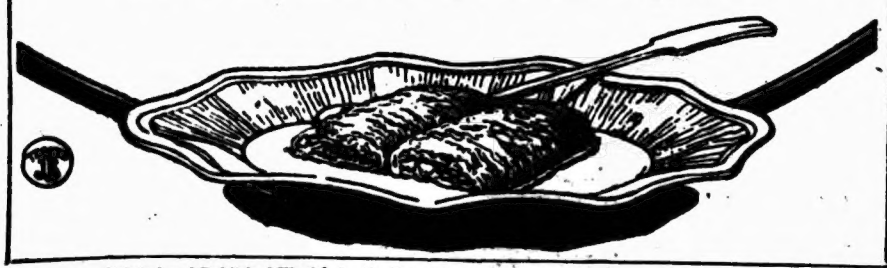
Start the day well—there is no better breakfast than—

SHREDDED WHEAT

No wonder Shredded Wheat is so healthful, so appetising and sustaining. It is pure, whole wheat, all its food value retained by the exclusive shredding and baking process, all the regulative bran included.

Try Shredded Wheat with hot milk these chilly mornings, how it heartens you, how well it sees you through till lunch time. All hard workers should start the day on Shredded Wheat and milk, and there is no better breakfast for school children. Give it a good trial from now on—you will like it more the more you have, and realise why millions make it their regular breakfast.

Made of Empire-grown Wheat by the Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.



"I could write a book about it" —*says Mrs. Rawlins*

"I can remember the day I first 'eld a iron as if it was only yesterday . . . that was when I was more your size than I am now, Mum. Ironing wasn't all plain sailing either. It was all as we could do to keep the iron from sticking! . . . We 'ad no Robin Starch then. You see, Mum, Robin's got the gloss in it. Mixes quick and the iron goes full clip. The things are ironed and airing in no time!

And there's Reckitt's Blue, Mum . . . for a white that's real beautiful, it's Reckitt's Blue. I'd almost sooner tackle a wash without hot water than not 'ave those two in 'and's reach!"

Reckitt's Blue *and* ROBIN *Starch*

RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL AND LONDON

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